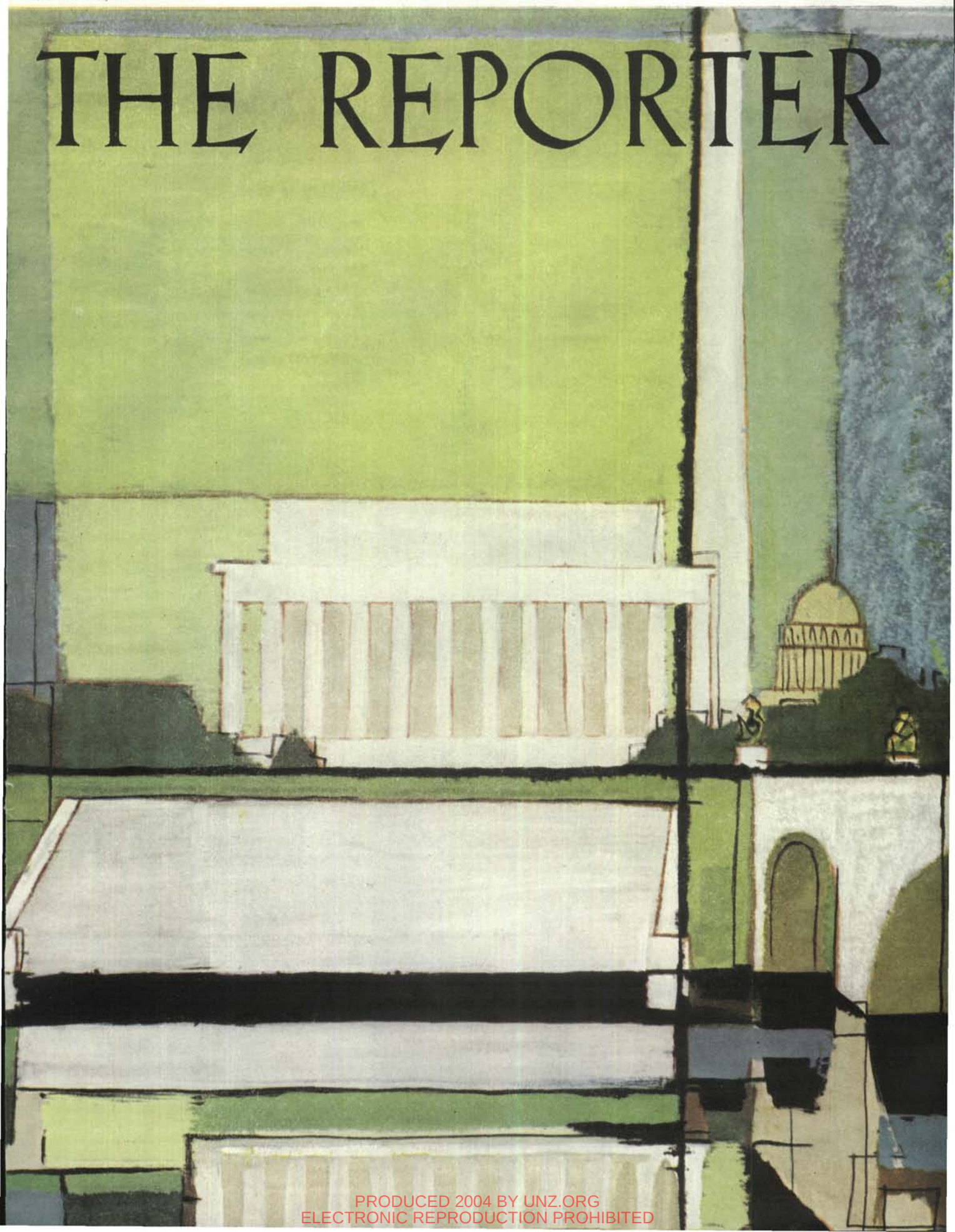
Conferences Ahead: Is Washington Ready?

June 30, 1955 25¢

THE REPORTER



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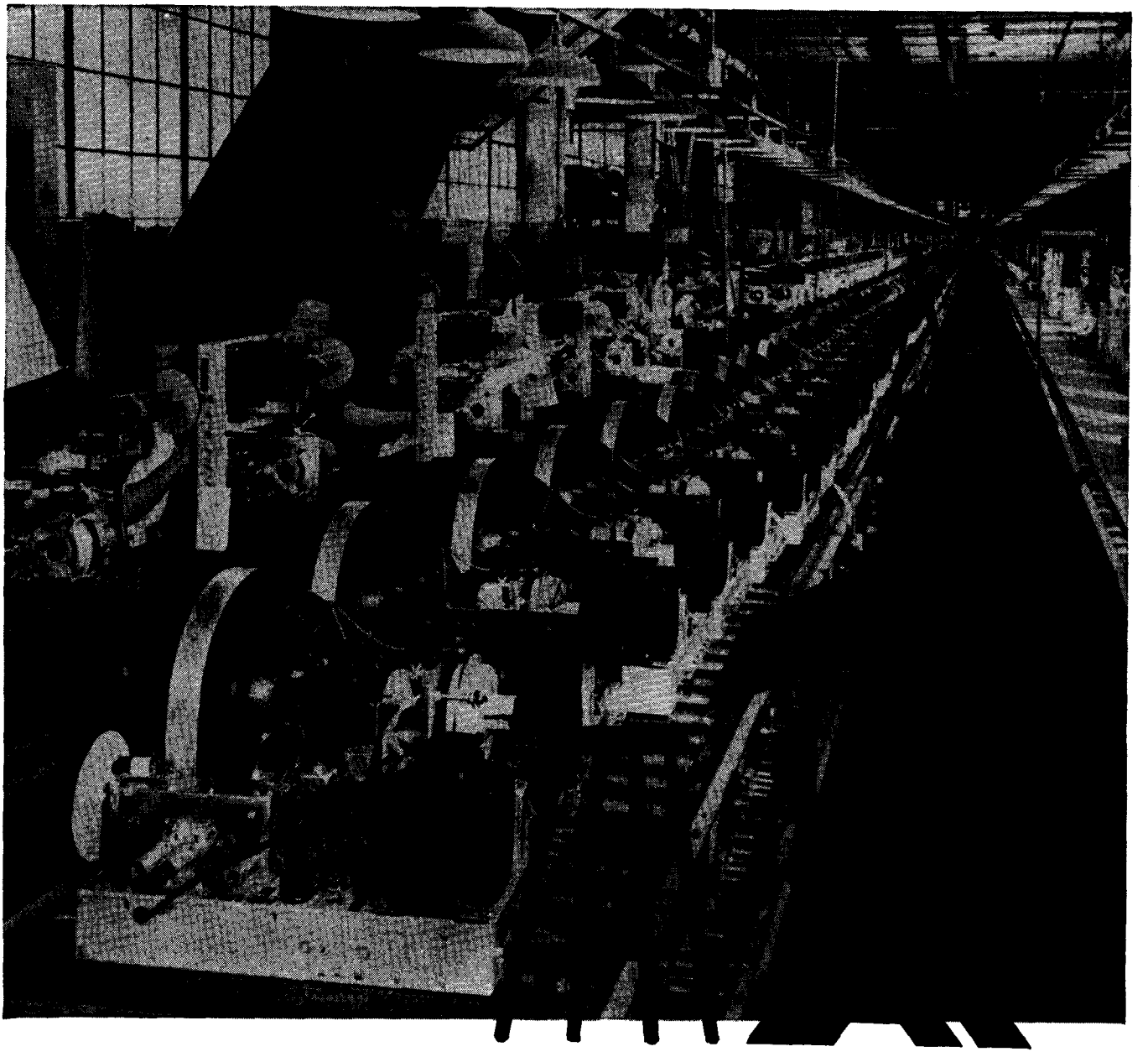

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

They Have to Be There

Once again, as ten years ago, high-ranking representatives of nations from the four corners of the earth are meeting in that most beautiful American city, San Francisco. This time, however, they are not supposed to deliberate or to decide anything. They have gone to the tenth-anniversary celebration of the U.N. to talk about the U.N. Probably they haven't anything of overwhelming importance to say at that tribune—but they could not stay away from it. This is perhaps, in a nutshell, the most significant thing about the U.N.: The statesmen of the world haven't yet found out just what use to make of it, but they cannot stay away from it.

There are countless reasons for this fact—or perhaps we might better say occasions: There is fear that a representative of some other nation might pull a trick; there is desire for quiet meetings in a corner, perhaps leading to some international understanding on some controversial subject; and then there is vanity, the wish to see and to be seen. Yet no matter what the individual motives may be, the fact is that all these government representatives have to be there.

This is particularly surprising since the achievements of the U.N. cannot exactly be considered astounding. Certainly they bear no resemblance to what its enthusiastic well-wishers expected of it ten years ago. It is still far from being a world organization, in the sense that too many countries are left out. If, by a strange quirk, all the left-out nations should hold their own meeting—Germany, China, Italy, Spain, etc.—that sort of *Salon des Refusés* gathering could be at least as important and exciting as the assembly of the regular card-carrying members.

Now more than ever, the solemn words in the Preamble of the Charter, "We the peoples . . . ," sound hollow. The peoples of what? Going down the line we read Afghanistan, Argentina, Byelorussia, and at the end Yugoslavia. Peoples who have little or nothing to do with their own governments have obviously even less to do with the U.N. An organization that is supposed to be universal just cannot be one of "We the peoples"—not, unfortunately, for a long time to come.

AND YET all these big or not-so-big men are there. They all orate, and they all emphatically claim that their government has, above all things, the U.N. at heart. They come from small and big countries, from democratic, autocratic, and still tribalistic governments. There are white men, yellow men, black men. They all look well fed, even those coming from wretchedly poor countries, for one of the universal rules of politics is that men in power always eat well.

But in spite of the fact that so many nations are still absent from the U.N.'s ranks, in spite of the fact that in too many instances the peoples supposed to be represented at the U.N. are voiceless, in spite of these and many more shocking facts, the human breed has found some kind of heart. There, the strong and powerful must somehow give an account of the use they make of their privileges. Above all, there, the human race through its representatives makes its will felt on one main point: It doesn't want to be wiped off the face of the earth.

This is why they are all there, the representatives of the endangered peoples and the representatives of those who are letting the danger grow. There is no more powerful will in the world today than that of the nations huddled around this heart. Nobody knows how the international organization is going to develop and how this universal will is going to make itself effective. But it shall.

Just because it is not a super-government and most probably will never become one, the U.N. is the most open frontier today, where new types of international organizations, territorial and functional, horizontal and vertical, designed to guarantee both the interdependence and independence of nations, are going to be tried out. An enormous groundwork in all these directions has already been constructed by the administrative offices of the U.N.

Now, at the right time and in the right place, the great and not-so-great who just cannot be absent from the U.N. are reminding each other of the pressure being brought to bear on them and of the work ahead.

CURRENT HERO

Krishna! Krishna Menon!
King of the wily sneer!
He talked single-minded through the cold-hot war
Till the scales were tipped and peace was restored—
Krishna! Krishna Menon!
King of the mien austere!
Bestest mediatin' man in either hemisphere!

—SEC

A Thousand Lincolns

When President Eisenhower visited Pennsylvania State University, which is headed by his brother Milton, he inspected the new nuclear reactor

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there, which unfortunately was not yet in operation because the Atomic Energy Commission hadn't released any fissionable material to run it on. He then delivered a commencement address in which he had some remarkable things to say about education.

"In Colonial Philadelphia," he said, "there was a printer who was likewise a scientist and who was hailed as the wisest man of his day—a builder of international understanding and friendship. In nineteenth-century Illinois, there was a rail-splitter who was likewise a lawyer and who was hailed a champion of humanity—a builder of freedom for all men. Despite their lack of formal schooling, they were educated men. Education today can nurture for us the possibility of a thousand Franklins and a thousand Lincolns in a generation, where before we were fortunate to have one."

We must say that we have never heard a more devastating criticism of our educational system, especially coming from a man who once was a university president. We have hundreds of thousands of college graduates each year, and we would be lucky if we had in our public life anything approaching one Lincoln.

Operation Veiled Candor

On June 12 the New York *Times* and next day the Washington *Post and Times-Herald* and the *Christian Science Monitor* carried front-page news stories about a speech that had been given a week and a half earlier. This delayed reaction of three able reporters is not to be taken as a symptom of journalistic lethargy. Rather, it demonstrates the Atomic Energy Commission's policy of feeding the public little bits and pieces, mostly sugar-coated, of probably the most important event of our times.

The speech was by Dr. Willard F. Libby, a member of the Commission, and was given at a University of Chicago alumni reunion. It is interesting to speculate what purpose the Atomic Energy Commission had in selecting a convivial gathering of old grads as the occasion for a dissertation that was technical in the extreme. None of the reporters and probably few of the alumni present had any idea what it was all about. Only belatedly, with a little outside scientific coaching, did the press wake up to the fact that, as the New York *Times* story headlined, CHEAP, DEADLIER HYDROGEN BOMB NOW MADE POSSIBLE IN ANY SIZE.

What Dr. Libby had revealed, once you deciphered his remarks, was that the hydrogen bomb exploded in the Pacific on March 1, 1954, had not been strictly a hydrogen bomb at all. It was a combination fission-fusion-fission bomb releasing the devastating power of ordinary uranium that has not first been taken through the costly process of refinement. Dr. Libby further confirmed that this "superbomb," unlike the theoretical hydrogen bomb, is capable of producing lasting and dangerous radioactivity over a vast area—Dr. Libby used a theoretical one hundred thousand square miles—and that the hazards to the individual are not limited to immediate exposure but persist so long as he dwells in an environment in which the food and other essentials have not been decontaminated. In sum, trained observers deduced from Dr. Libby's speech that the superbomb is now comparatively dirt cheap to produce, can be made in unlimited sizes, and contains a radioactive threat far exceeding any blast and burn damage it might have. It is the ultimate weapon—so far.

That we know this much almost sixteen months after the explosion is due less to AEC candor than to the enterprise and persistence of Dr. Ralph E. Lapp, atomic-scientist-turned-writer, and to the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*. In the November *Bulletin*, he sketched the radioactive fallout hazard based on his independent computations about the March 1 bomb, which because of security pressures he felt obliged to conceal from his readers. Again in the February *Bulletin*, Dr. Lapp expanded on the fallout hazard, writing with more precision this time because of data obtained from Japan rather than from the AEC. It was only in mid-February that the AEC finally released a tentative report on fallout which mentioned a "7,000-mile area" but minimized the hazards involved. Then, on June 3, Dr. Libby dropped a bit more information.

The newly revealed characteristics of the superbomb, which few doubt the Russians also possess, affect fundamentally the work of the civil-defense planners who are now busily working on the evacuation of cities in the event of attack, though it is now likely that the surrounding countryside may be just as dangerous to the unprotected individual.

It may be old-fashioned now, but couldn't we have somewhat more candid candor?

AIR-RAID TEST

Unearthly silence, lovely death,
The city soundless in the sun,
And even time suspending breath
As if eternity'd begun.

—SEC

Back to Nature

A *Reporter* staff member, restless after long incarceration in a city apartment far from the sight of the nearest tree, turned to the real-estate sections of the newspapers the other Sunday and fell under the spell of advertisements of new country homes. "Escape city tensions . . . get out into the ozone of the outdoors . . . let your spirits quicken under the old shade," wrote the Thoreauvian copy writers; "model ranch-type split-levels for as little as $28,995."

In quest of ozone and old shade, the staff member hurried out to inspect the models in an expensive new Long Island community. She marveled at the glittering interiors, the kitchen range with control panels like a B-36, the disappearing closets and sliding doors, the splendid uses of Formica, wood, plastic, and steel, the two-way fireplaces and three-way beds, and the gigantic picture windows framing other picture windows of models called "Wave Crest" or "Sea Spray" about thirty feet distant. "And air conditioning throughout," added the beaming agent. "Just look at this insulation . . . it absolutely shuts out the weather."

In order to sniff the weather, our prospect stepped out from the conditioning. There was a screened "breezeway," to be sure, tucked between house and garage, but no porch, no terrace, no old-fashioned veranda for sitting out; and the bar-

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becue grill, that national symbol of rugged outdoor comfort, was firmly nested in a corner of the living room, opposite the TV set. "Snug, isn't it?" said the agent. "Couldn't be cozier."

It's Infectious

When Soviet Russia's masters with the coming of spring began spreading a new and disarming kind of germ—the East-West Understanding virus, guaranteed not to harm—they expected it to reproduce itself and spread, but could they have foreseen just where?

First, as a novel response to the stimulus, there occurred the episode of the Eisenhower-Zhukov "old-soldier" correspondence. In April, the U.S. Information Agency reacted by producing for world-wide distribution a pamphlet made up of excerpts from the President's war memoirs and entitled "As I See the Russians," its stated purpose being to provide "background for better understanding of U.S.-Russian relations" and to show how Eisenhower had "made earnest efforts to work in harmony with the Soviet Union."

Time joined the revisionist mood early by devoting to Marshal Zhukov a "cover story" which depicted him not as another Red goon but as a sort of brilliant left-wing Duke of Wellington.

Although David Lawrence's *U.S. News & World Report* did hold out against the new infection by warning darkly that what the Soviets were really aiming at was a new strategy of preventive war, the magazine *Holiday,* property of the eminent Curtis Publishing Company, in its July issue featured a story entitled "Holiday in Russia."

In the meantime a new-model Molotov, agreeably posing for cameramen, arrived in New York to visit the U.N. and took time for an hour's tour of the Metropolitan Museum. Molotov made no disparaging comment whatever upon the decadent western art in its collections and even went so far as to remark upon leaving that he "liked the American paintings best."

"He liked the American paintings best?" a reporter asked skeptically.

"That's what he says," chuckled Molotov's interpreter.

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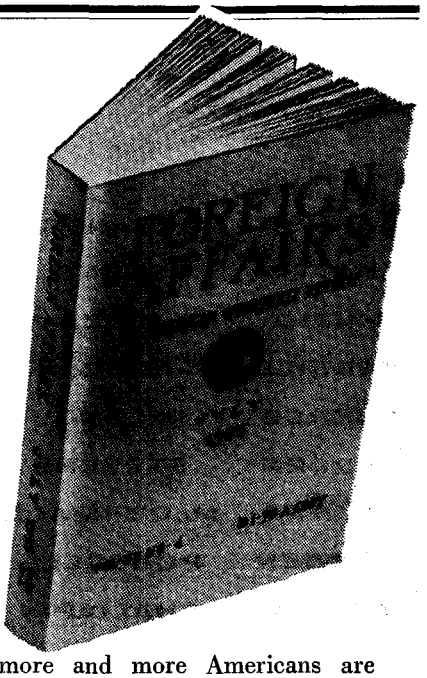

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THE PHILADELPHIA STORY

To the Editor: Hannah Lees's article "How Philadelphia Stopped a Race Riot" in the June 2 issue of *The Reporter* is a very mature and responsible job of reporting of a problem which is puzzling most large American cities at the present time and which we are doing everything we can to meet intelligently in Philadelphia. Our success in this instance, and the recognition which it has received through this very effective article, are most gratifying.

We will have problems of this kind again, as will other cities, but I hope that all of us have learned something from this incident that may be helpful to us from here on.

JOSEPH S. CLARK, JR.
Mayor
Philadelphia

To the Editor: We are very proud to have the Philadelphia Commission on Human Relations pictured so prominently in Hannah Lees's story, but we were not the whole show. An enormous amount of patient, understanding work was done by many people. The Commission could only help mobilize and co-ordinate these efforts. Marjorie Penny of Fellowship House, Morris Milgram, Dr. William H. Gray, the Rev. R. A. Cromwell, and Dr. John K. Rice were only a few of the people who contributed their time and energy.

GEORGE SCHERMER
Executive Director
Commission on Human Relations
Philadelphia

IMMIGRATION

To the Editor: Edward Corsi's article on immigration (*The Reporter*, June 2) was excellent. We are hopeful that the suggestions President Eisenhower made recently for amendments to the Refugee Relief Act will get through Congress and thus help to more speedily implement this particular law.

Mr. Corsi's observations on the necessary changes in our basic immigration law are the kind with which all of us who look for a humane philosophy of immigration on the part of the United States can readily concur.

I am sure his articles in your magazine accomplished a great deal of good.

RT. REV. MSGR. EDWARD E. SWANSTROM
Executive Director
War Relief Services
National Catholic Welfare Conference
New York

To the Editor: After reading Edward Corsi's fine article, it becomes clear to me that only an aroused and informed public opinion can force a revision of our present discriminatory immigration laws.

Senators like Lehman, Morse, Humphrey, and Kilgore and Representatives like Celler are leading the fight for their revision. President Eisenhower has stated that he is in favor of revision, and he needs and deserves the full support of organizations and individuals. With this support forthcoming we stand a good chance to prove to the whole world what America really stands for.

IRVING HABERMAN
Newark

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

To the Editor: Marya Mannes's generally sensitive and penetrating article on Tennessee Williams (*The Reporter*, May 19) deserves rebuttal on one or two points. Apart from her excellent appreciation of Williams's poetry, Miss Mannes finds the insanity of the characters and the violence of action to be the major characteristics of his plays. These two factors, she says, (a) remove the plays from the tragic tradition, and (b) so remove them from common reality that they don't illumine our experience.

First, insanity and violence in the tragic tradition: W. Shakespeare, a man who wasn't too self-conscious to call a tragedy a tragedy, wrote one about a hallucinatory madman (wife, same), and one about a senile madman (with a few subordinate madmen running about). For violence (and degeneracy) we can turn to Oedipus for some incest and patricide, Medea for infanticide, Electra for matricide, and so on. To just what tradition does Miss Mannes refer?

There is a reason for all this anomalousness. The violence offers a total challenge. The tragic figure's entire world is in jeopardy: The insanity underscores his unequivocal commitment to the action, and also makes him a medium suitable for the expression of heights and depths of thought and action not usually attained by the quiet-spoken inhabitants of "common reality."

Our ordinary conflicts seldom come to a "violent collision." For that reason, our common reality won't provide material for a tragedy, and it never has.

Actually, a close look at Williams shows that he is something of an optimist. In every major play there is a window on the future: Someone is healthy, alive and going on. John in *Summer and Smoke* is the weakest example. But consider Tom in *Menagerie*, Stella in *Streetcar*, Seraphina and Rosa in *The Rose Tattoo*, Kilroy and Quixote in *Camino Real*. These are all major characters, not Creons and Horatios. True, they all have a tough time, but how much better are the hard-won affirmations of a Williams than the easy victories of lesser poets!

WARREN LEE
Chicago

FLUORIDATION

To the Editor: Vic Reinemer's article on fluoridation (*The Reporter*, June 16) is excellent.

GEORGE F. LULL, M.D.
Secretary and General Manager
American Medical Association
Chicago

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To the Editor: One of the things I like best about *The Reporter* is its objectivity. That's why I am amazed at the inclusion of Vic Reinemer's article on fluoridation. There are two sides to every question and the fluoridation of drinking water is no exception. An article presenting the pros and cons of this important and controversial subject in a dispassionate manner would have been in the nature of a service to your readers and in line with the generally enlightened policy of your magazine.

What we have in Reinemer's piece, however, is nothing more or less than barefaced propaganda for the fluoridation exponents. Anyone opposing it is written off in advance as a crank, and by citing a few shady characters who are in the ranks of the opposition. Mr. Reinemer would appear to make this true. Actually there are a lot of people opposed to fluoridation who are neither cranks, quacks, nor fools, and they must find it highly irritating to be so grouped.

Mr. Reinemer cites the endorsement of the American Medical Association and the Public Health Service, as if this should automatically close the argument among intelligent people. What he, and by inference *The Reporter*, fails to recognize is that these represent only the majority medical opinion at this date, and if one of your staff cared to do a bit of research he would find out how many times this majority opinion has been wrong in the past hundred years or so.

The same cranks who may be skeptical about fluoridation today are the ones who twenty-five years ago were protesting the routine removal of tonsils—a practice then accepted as gospel by official medical standards, but which has recently been found to be largely unnecessary and even predisposing to polio attack.

It is a curious thing that you, who believe so passionately in political liberalism, should fail to see that liberalism is indivisible, and that suppression of minority opinion in the field of science, particularly the science of public health, is no less dangerous than suppression of unpopular political views.

E. W. Littlefield
Delmar, New York

PERÓN AND THE CATHOLICS

To the Editor: Herbert Matthews ("Juan Perón's War with the Catholic Church," *The Reporter*, June 16) has done a wonderful job of reporting—the best I have seen in a long, long time—and he should be taken as an example by those who write about the situation in Argentina with no more knowledge than the special one they can get from government handouts. My heartiest congratulations to *The Reporter*.

Alberto Gainza Paz
New York

To the Editor: I hold no brief for dictators as such, but if Perón sees it to be advantageous to propose the separation of Church and state . . . well, we made it without reverting to heathenism. Mr. Matthews should know and admit that what he wrote about is a political battle for power between an individual and an organization.

Art Rumry
Candler, North Carolina

"A dull morning ushered in the ninth of November 1918 in Berlin . . . the streets looked as they had looked for many months past. Men, most of them middle-aged and old, all of them weary, were hurrying to the factories. Women were hurrying to the factories. Many of them had a lemon-coloured complexion; they worked in munitions plants and handled picric acid. There were other women; they carried the morning newspapers from door to door. Other men; they carried long poles with which they turned out the gas-jets high up on the lamp-posts. There were no bakers on their rounds with rolls (the Berliner's traditional breakfast food), no milkmen on their rounds with milk; there were no rolls, there was no milk.

"The street-cars were driven by women; the conductors, too, were women. The street-cars, the city trains, the underground trains clattered along noisily; their bearings were worn out and there was not enough metal to replace or repair them, not enough grease to lubricate them properly. The people clattered along noisily; they were ill-clad and their shoes had soles of wood and their heels had rims of steel.

"Everywhere in the streets of the capital were soldiers in groups of three . . ."

This is the setting for events in Germany between November 1918 and March 1919, when a Socialist Republic was proclaimed (by accident), thwarted in its growth (by design) and finally destroyed – by intrigue and civil war. The author was there – and he tells a graphic and dramatic story of the struggle between and within the political parties. A struggle that led from World War I straight into Hitler's Third Reich.

FAILURE OF A REVOLUTION

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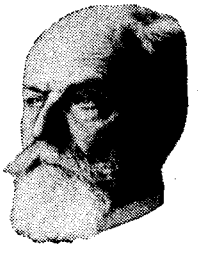
Germany's evil genius?



Friedrich von Holstein was one of Bismarck's chief subordinates at the German Foreign Ministry. From 1890 until 1906, he was largely responsible for planning and directing German foreign policy, though he never held a conspicuously high rank. Since his death, equal measures of prejudice and lack of information have combined to make of him an evil genius of sinister and self-seeking policy.

But Holstein kept diaries, wrote countless letters, and began memoirs. It is a selection from these that show his keen sardonic mind, his sharp eye and the gift for character and tableau of a disenchanted novelist. It is with the publication of these important documents that the true assessment of Holstein's place in German history can begin.

THE HOLSTEIN PAPERS

I—MEMOIRS AND POLITICAL OBSERVATIONS
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TRIBUTES

to Murray Kempton's brilliant new book

A letter from Elmer Davis. "Dear Mr. Kempton — I think you have performed a public service in writing *Part of Our Time*. You have demonstrated in detail that the Communist 'danger' in the thirties was not much of a danger. You may, and doubtless do, expect that you will be attacked by the politicians, and the ex-Communists, who maintain that it not only was but still is — naturally, since it is their principal meal ticket. But the facts are on your side."
—Elmer Davis

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—Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

UNDER the general heading "Conferences Ahead: Is Washington Ready?" we take a look at some of the major fronts for which Washington must be prepared. We do not pretend to offer an exhaustive list. We are just at the beginning of the conference season and we shall have much more to say. **Max Ascoli** follows up his preceding editorial, in which he asserted that there is no alternative to peace, with an analysis of some of the steps we should take to achieve a better peace.

Peaceful utilization of atomic energy is a problem of extraordinary importance—both practical and symbolic. The President took the lead in his speech before the General Assembly of the U.N. on December 8, 1953, and we gave him at that time full credit for doing so. But has our nation moved ahead with the resolution the President's noble program demanded? Have we not instead indulged our traditional passion for fancy gadgets rather than developing comparatively simple sources of electrical power? **Lin Root,** formerly science and medicine editor for *Time,* reports that the United Kingdom is ahead of us in the practical application of atomic energy to peacetime uses. Britain has produced no atomic submarine and does not intend to launch an atomic showboat. Yet with means incomparably inferior to ours, it has set into action sources of power that can greatly contribute to its own needs and those of other peoples. Lin Root's report is borne out by Senator **Clinton P. Anderson** (D., New Mexico), who is the Chairman of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy

Brigadier General **Thomas R. Phillips,** U.S.A. (Ret.), military analyst for the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* brings us a particularly disturbing report on facts that must be of grave concern to our policymakers. It is bad enough when the two major antagonists of today have an equal capacity to annihilate each other; it is infinitely worse if Soviet Russia—as there now seems to be a danger—will some day gain air superiority.

As the editorial points out, disarmament should be the crucial point in the coming negotiations. **William R. Frye,** lecturer, radio commentator, and correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor,* reports that greater progress has been made toward bringing Russian and American views on this subject within speaking distance than is generally known.

Murray Kempton, who covers labor for the New York *Post,* analyzes two major events: the merger of the CIO with the AFL and Walter Reuther's success in winning recognition for the principle of a guaranteed annual wage.

San Franciscans have recently witnessed a congress of haters—mainly haters of the United Nations—just when the tenth anniversary of that institution was about to be celebrated in their city. **Hale Champion** is with the San Francisco *Chronicle.*

Robert Wallace's article is excerpted from his forthcoming book, *Life and Limb.*

Edmond Taylor, well known to our readers for his contributions on European politics, writes this time about a city he knows well and loves. His description of St. Germain-des-Prés, the austere church, and the cafés that surround it, will evoke many memories for many of our readers.

IS IT true that there are no operatic voices that can compare with the great voices of the past? A new album of records reproduces some fifty years of operatic history. We now can judge for ourselves. **Roland Gelatt,** New York editor for *High Fidelity,* reviews the album.

Lindsay Rogers, author of *The Pollsters,* discusses Samuel A. Stouffer's *Communism, Conformity, and Civil Liberties.*

Herbert E. Klarman, Assistant Director of the Hospital Council of Greater New York, has taught economics at Brooklyn College and now lectures at Columbia.

Our cover is by **William Walton.**

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THE REPORTER

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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For the past year I have been involved in a project which cut sharply into my reading time. With it over, I have been on a reading jag out of which I would like to recommend the following books:

"A World of Love," by Elizabeth Bowen (Knopf, $3.50). A new novel by the finest living stylist. No one concerned with writing as a craft should miss her work.

"Auntie Mame," by Patrick Dennis (Vanguard, $3.50). A funny American book, whose humor is touched by only a whisper of malice.

"Young Sam Johnson," by James Clifford (McGraw-Hill, $5.75). Connoisseurs of London know that its finest untrampled spot is the house in Gough Square where Johnson compiled his dictionary. Read this book before you go—or if you can't make it this year.

"the lives and times of archy and mehitabel," by Don Marquis (Doubleday). I've heard there are "literate" people who haven't read this magnificent opus by the durable cockroach. Obviously, there's going to have to be a new definition of "literacy."

"Party of One," by Clifton Fadiman (World, $5.00). For the first time in book form, here are the writings of one of the few men who know how to communicate enthusiasm about books.

"The Romance of Tristan and Iseult" (Anchor Books, 65¢). It's still the greatest love story of them all.

"A Victorian Boyhood," by L. E. Jones (St. Martin's Press, $3.75). The reviewers overlooked this when it came out last March. Thus you have a chance for one of the greatest of reading pleasures: discovering a good book for yourself. I'll just hint that it is both funny and wise, both human and English, and quite a lot like Gwen Raverat's "Period Piece."

These books made a pleasant spring for me; they should make a pleasant summer for you.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

This column is sponsored by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Books mentioned here may be obtained from your bookseller or from any of the Doubleday Book Shops. For mail orders, send checks or money orders to Doubleday Book Shop, 575 Madison Ave., Mail Order Dept., New York 22.

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Toward Geneva

Ever since nuclear weapons have been adopted by the major nations as standard items in their arsenals, armed might has ceased to be a propelling force and become an appallingly hazardous dead weight—or at best a ballast.

No wonder that the harassed men who are going to be the protagonists in the round of international conferences are still, from all one can judge, hesitant and uncertain as to the role they should play, afraid of blundering—although we can be sure that none of the western leaders will blunder as heavily as Khrushchev did at Belgrade. Perhaps the hapless men preparing for the meetings are looking for precedents that may give them guidance. But where are such precedents? When did it ever happen that major antagonistic nations found themselves hurtling toward the dreaded moment when, probably simultaneously, they could easily wipe each other out—each one a sitting duck for the other?

But there are no reasons why our sympathy should be indiscriminately extended to all the participants in the coming high- or medium-level negotiations. We had better think of our own representatives, root for them, and figure out what we would do were we unlucky enough to share some part of their burden.

Stronger Than We Think

The trouble with the balance of power with which the democracies as well as the Communists are stuck is that it is actually a balance of terror and not of power. It does not lend itself to registering shifts and changes in the international equilibrium. Therefore it stands to reason that the first objective of the negotiations should be that of moving steadily from a balance of immeasurable terror to one of usable power. It is to be expected that both sides will earnestly engage in the search for practical ways to reduce armaments, for each is pursuing aims incompatible with the constant threat of reciprocal annihilation.

Our side would benefit immensely from a reduction of armaments and from what the Communists call relaxation of tension. If our military expenditures could be diminished and our economy gradually brought to a correspondingly greater pursuit of peaceful purposes, the growth and possibly the survival of Communism would be greatly endangered. For while our capitalistic democracy has thrived on the people's welfare, it has never been proved that Communism can maintain its rule over people relieved from scarcity of goods, of comforts, and of privacy.

We should start planning now, in the greatest possible detail and with the fullest publicity, the reconversion for peaceful purposes of some sections of our economy hitherto engaged in the production of war matériel. No better way could be found to refute the Communists' claim that our prosperity is dependent on the high level of military expenditures. The concerted thinking of our government, business, and labor leaders can certainly give new impetus to our economy once our expenditure for national security starts stepping down from its present high level—sixty-five per cent of what the government spends. If the Communists refuse an honest, bilateral reduction in armaments, then not only our own but the foreign peoples would be the losers—and they all would know whom to blame.

However, as that wise man Konrad Adenauer has been saying for years, controlled reduction of armaments and collective security are two aims to be pursued simultaneously. One is indispensable to the other. Collective security must first and foremost be maintained and strengthened among the nations of the West. It can be made truly collective when the total burden of armaments is reduced and the distinction between atomic haves and have-nots is eliminated.

Chancellor Adenauer is right when he says that collective security and reduction of armaments are necessary conditions for bringing about the unification of his country. Only when a balance of power replaces the balance of terror can Germany's influence be registered in the scale. Germany, more perhaps than any other nation, is vitally concerned with atomic disarmament, for otherwise there is no unity for Germany other than that of providing, both in the West and in the East, the testing ground for nuclear blasts.

In different degrees and with different motivations,

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the same holds true for the other western European nations: Their militancy as members of the alliance, their sense of western solidarity will become the more active the more the dread of ultimate war is lifted. Russia can be counted on to remain enough of a danger even after a reduction of armaments has become effective; but then the prospect of a conflict will no longer be of the type that makes people in Europe shrug their shoulders in hopelessness.

On one point European statesmen like Sir Winston Churchill, Konrad Adenauer, and Pierre Mendès-France have been constantly hammering during the last few years: The collective security of the NATO countries should be considered as a stepping stone for a collective security agreement between East and West. Churchill hinted at this when, on May 11, 1953, he first spoke of a Locarno. On September 4 of the same year, Adenauer said: "In order to meet a possible Soviet need for security, the regional alliance of the European Community, after having been linked to NATO, could be brought into a treaty relationship with the regional alliances of the eastern bloc within the framework of a superstructure to be developed in the United Nations."

In his speech to the U.N. General Assembly on November 22, 1954, Mendès-France gave further articulation to the same idea: "I would be quite happy to see the creation of an East European defense association, so long as it adopts the modalities provided for by the West for the publication, limitation, and control of armaments. If, by similar arrangements, the Soviet Union and the states associated with it adopted formulae symmetrical to ours, and provided that they included a certain degree of publicity, an important step forward would have been taken toward our goal. Later, exchanges of information and mutual assurances could take place between the two systems. Perhaps, even, the limitations or the controls might take on a contractual form."

The Two NATOs — Real and Phony

In the last few months, things have started to go the way Mendès-France anticipated. Facing ours there is a symmetrical sort of NATO—undoubtedly phony, for it includes all-powerful Soviet Russia together with states which have no independence. Yet if some reduction of armaments is achieved and the nations of the real NATO—more and more equal with us, as we always wanted, and at the same time more independent of us—bring their free, full participation to the common cause, then there will be a stirring among the satellite nations that Russia may not be able to control.

It is proper that we concentrate our attention on these satellite countries, although resounding statements about their liberation will probably not accomplish much. But while leaving to the peoples of eastern Europe the initiative as to when and how and with what kind of social order they can achieve liberation, we must not fail to use every possible opportunity to let them know how concerned we are about them. There is no reason, for instance, why the offer of atomic reactors to foreign nations should be limited to the nations that are called "free." Anything that can improve the peoples' standard of living on either side of the Iron Curtain is a step toward peace, no matter whether the peoples are those of Spain or Czechoslovakia.

Our concern for the satellite countries should manifest itself by anticipating situations which may arise and which affect these countries, irrespective of the success or failure of our negotiations with Soviet Russia. So, for instance, we must worry about the boundaries between Poland and a unified Germany and see to it that solutions are found that are equitable for both nations. As free elections in East Germany are a necessary condition for the reunification of the country, we must have extremely detailed plans, and set down the necessary prerequisite to make elections actually and genuinely free. We must think hard in anticipating contingencies that may never come to pass—and this not just for the sake of proving that if all our good intentions are brought to naught it is all evidence of the Kremlin's meanness. In the same way, both our political parties should realize that there is scarcely anyone here or abroad who does not know why their interest in the freedom of other nations is so recurrent, spasmodic, and ineffective.

WE HAVE a number of very hard, decisive months ahead—all of us, not only our leaders. Nobody knows whether the Communists are on the run, but certainly they are on the move, and we must see to it that the move is backward. They are still resourceful enough to put in our path a formidable, many-sided roadblock called neutrality. If we do not dispose of this new name for the "peace drive," if we do not see clearly what makes for its impact on the minds of so many peoples, there is the danger that it may become the wave of the present, and that our system of alliances may be eroded—particularly if there is no reduction of armaments.

Yet what we should never forget is how strong we are, not so much in our vaunted positions of strength as because of the power we have to create conditions of peace rooted in the peoples' welfare. We have nothing to fear from peace. It would be heartening if our leaders were more persuaded of this strength of ours. For it is rather strange now, though somewhat appealing, to see how they are gingerly moving toward their meeting with the Russians—with the perturbed air of virtuous divinity students about to enter a house of ill repute, for no other purpose, of course, than to conduct a sociological survey.

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Britain Makes Headway In Atomic Power

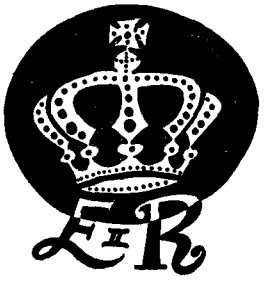
LIN ROOT

On some as yet unspecified morning early next year, electricity generated from the heat of nuclear fission will start flowing through British wires. The woman snapping on the heater in her chilly bedroom in Liverpool and the man throwing a switch in a factory at Leeds will hear no echo of Hiroshima, but some of the power they release will have had its beginning in smashing atoms like those which exploded death over Japan. The current itself will be exactly the same as the current from conventional coal-fired plants and will be pooled with it—but its source will power the second Industrial Revolution.

When Great Britain started the first Industrial Revolution in the eighteenth century, coal was fairly bursting out of the ground. As long as coal was plentiful Britain kept its industrial leadership—manufacturing, exporting, colonizing, changing the face of the world. Then the coal seams ran thin, and Britain fell behind in the industrial race. The United States, unearthing its own great treasures of coal, oil, and natural gas, took the lead. Since 1900 the United States has doubled its energy requirements every ten years—about twice Great Britain's rate of increase. Every American worker today has at his disposal three times as much electrical energy as every British worker. Or put it this way: The power behind every American worker gives him the strength of two hundred men while his British opposite number is limited to the strength of sixty-six men.

Now Great Britain will inaugurate this second Industrial Revolution with the world's first full-scale nuclear power station, Calder Hall on the coast of Cumberland. The Calder Hall Power Station, affectionately known as "Pippa" (Power for Industrial Purposes), was started in June, 1953, and will be completed ahead of schedule. The latest date is early in 1956, but it may be operating by Christmas.

Last February 15, Geoffrey Lloyd, Minister of Fuel and Power, made an announcement in the House of Commons that he described as "the most momentous that any holder of this office had ever made since



the office was first created"—the government had decided to embark on a program of big nuclear-power stations. A ten-year provisional program is in effect for the building of twelve nuclear power stations with a total capacity of 1.5 to 2 million kilowatts of electricity a year—the power equivalent of 5 to 6 million tons of coal. (In addition, Mr. Lloyd told the House June 13 that six more reactors will be constructed to make both military materials and electricity.)

The work of designing the stations and training the technicians to run them has already begun, but the actual construction of the stations to follow Calder Hall will not start before 1957. Then the program will move forward rapidly.

The first four power stations will each have two reactors. All eight reactors will be of about the same size and type as the one at Calder Hall, with improvements. The next four stations will have one reactor each, probably of a further improved Calder Hall type but with several times its output. The last four stations will be of a more advanced type which has not yet been tested full size.

The estimated cost of generating electricity will be one ha'penny (seven-tenths of a cent) per kilowatt-hour. This is about the cost for electricity generated by the most modern British coal-fired stations, and about the median cost for electricity here.

This is Britain's cool answer to the burning question: Can nuclear-powered electricity be made competitive with coal-fired electricity?

Figuring at the current rate of exchange (one British pound = $2.80), the answer would seem to be "Yes," for the United States as well as Britain. But a closer look at the facts shows the translation is not accurate, because the actual pocketbook value of the pound bears little relation to the official value. Indeed, my British friends say the pound will buy as much in Great Britain as six dollars will in the United States. A ha'penny per kilowatt-hour is a competitive price for electricity in Britain, but it might be far from competitive here.

'Plutonium Credit'

It is only within the past few months that the competitive price for electric current has been worked out. When I was in England in October, the most optimistic estimate was one English penny per kilowatt-hour. Since then, the estimated cost has been cut in half by the valuable lessons learned at Calder Hall, tight-

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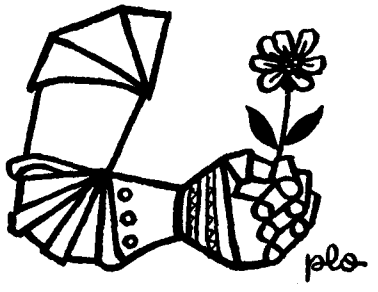
er cost accounting, and—most important—the establishment of what is known as "plutonium credit."

Plutonium is as important for power as it is for bombs—but in a different way. It is a man-made element, practically nonexistent in nature (first produced artificially at the University of California, Berkeley, 1940), and is created when fission takes place in natural uranium. (Natural uranium contains one part



of the fissionable U 235 to 140 parts U 238.) In its turn, plutonium is fissionable. It can do everything U 235 can do, only better. For one thing, it is much easier to extract pure plutonium from the natural uranium mass than it is to separate out pure U 235. For another, man-made plutonium can be produced in quantity and at will. Plutonium, therefore, serves as a relatively cheap substitute for U 235.

From a military viewpoint, the emphasis has been on stockpiling plutonium for bombs and experiments. The heat generated in the process was a nuisance by-product.

From an industrial viewpoint, plutonium is the by-product. The main emphasis is on heat, which, instead of being driven off up the chimney, is now drawn off by a coolant piped through the pile and into generators to produce electricity. The plutonium can then be used to enrich natural uranium, speeding up the reactions; can go into "breeder" reactors, which create more fissile atoms than they consume (the ultimate pie-in-the-sky machines); can go on making bombs; and will surely perform other miracles in the future as its uses are explored.

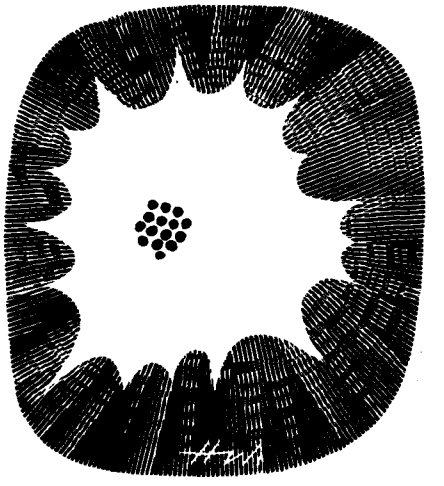
Calder Hall has two converter reactors of about 50,000 kilowatts each, which work on natural uranium, producing heat and converting the non-fissionable U 238 into fissionable plutonium, which is thus available for sale.

Putting a realistic price on plutonium was a headache. Its military cost had been high, and top-secret. Early in its civilian career, it will be scarce and therefore costly—although nowhere near as costly as when produced for military use. As the system gets under way, the volume of plutonium will increase and its cost will decrease—how much and how soon is nobody's guess. (It should always be worth at least 140 times the price of natural uranium, which is only one in 140 parts fissionable.) It is understood that a "plutonium credit" of several thousand dollars per kilogram (2.2 lb.) will be allowed against costs for the early period; and since one pound of plutonium is the equivalent of something like fifteen hundred tons of coal, the bookkeeping seems realistic. "Plutonium credit" has been used in science-fiction stories for years as the basis for an international monetary system for the world of tomorrow. The future drop in the price of plutonium will be more than offset by the increased efficiency of reactors, and electricity should become ever cheaper. It is expected that toward the end of the ten-year plan the stockpile of plutonium will be such that all subsequent reactors will run on enriched uranium or will be "breeders."

BRITAIN'S organization of atomic affairs is in some ways similar to our own. The Atomic Energy Authority, like our AEC, will give technical advice and control strategic supplies. The Atomic Energy Research Establishment at Harwell will continue research and experiment on varied reactors and related problems. Private industry will build the plants. The big difference between the United States and Britain is that the nationalized British Electric Authority will own and operate the stations. This immense utility works must show a balanced budget over the years. When it shows a profit, as it has for the last few years, it goes back into the business, either to lower or hold prices or to finance improvements.

The cost of the ten-year program was tentatively set at $840 million. (Actually the total spent will be more, because it will include expenditures for stations that will be started but not completed within the ten-year period.) This sizable sum will not be a completely new demand on the economy. Many coal-fired stations are obsolete and the whole power system is inadequate for Britain's productivity. Modernization with new coal- and oil-fired plants is figured to run close to $3,360 million over the next ten years. The nuclear-power program will cut this significantly and will also give the National Coal Board a breather.

Plans for the following ten years are optimistic but necessarily vague. A full-scale reactor of the advanced "breeder" type has been under construction for almost a year now at Dounreay in the north of Scotland. It is hoped that it will sound the keynote for the reactor program 1965-1975. By 1975, nuclear power stations should have a capacity of 10 to 15 million kilowatts, or the equivalent of 40 million tons of coal a year. By then Great Britain will be using four and a half times as much electricity as in 1950, and the British worker will be well on the way to



having as much power behind him as his American opposite number.

The Model T Reactor

The Calder Hall type of reactor, on which Britain is concentrating at the beginning, uses carbon dioxide gas under pressure as the coolant to carry off the heat that makes the steam. This is not the simplest, cheapest, or most efficient type of

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reactor, but it is the safest and the easiest to run. The design was worked over for two years at Harwell and is considered the best answer to Britain's immediate needs. Great Britain has no wide-open spaces in which to build reactors that have even the slightest possibility of "running away." Also Britain is driving straight for the most practical reactor. To be efficient, a power supply must be as close as possible to the area supplied. And Britain wants a reactor that can be fueled by natural uranium. "Pippa" fulfills all these specifications. Also, according to a White Paper, the new reactors will "present no more danger to people living nearby than many existing industrial works that are sited within built-up areas."

I have heard some professional criticism here of Britain's policy of making standardized small reactors and running them in multiple units for heavily industrialized areas instead of going in for the huge reactors that figure in American plans. But again Britain is not waiting to shop around for the best in fulfilling the immediate program. Harwell will continue to do research on other types. Meanwhile factories will be turning out the type that is well known and has proved satisfactory: the Model T of reactors—good enough not only for domestic uses but also for export, with attendant prestige.

Making Friends Abroad

From the very outset of Great Britain's atomic-energy program, the vision of its planners went beyond the British Isles. The stated objective was "to explore the future of atomic energy and to develop any applications of value to Britain and the world."

The first and simplest application was the use of radioactive isotopes. Knowing there would be a large world market, special provision was made for producing them in quantity from the very beginning in 1946. On April 2, 1951, the Atomic Energy Research Establishment at Harwell started a series of one-month courses on the uses of radioactive isotopes, and overseas applications for every course have exceeded capacity.

Today Great Britain leads the world in the export of isotopes, shipping about thirty-three per cent of its production to forty-odd countries. The United States exports less than one-quarter as much—though the radioactive content of our shipments may be relatively greater. There are obvious reasons why European purchasers take their business to Great Britain: Many of them first learned about isotopes from British training programs. Shipping costs are low and delivery quick. Above all, Britain attaches no strings to its export of isotopes, whereas our AEC imposes conditions.

Britain values the prestige as highly as the profit, and no figure can be put on the good will that is created. Today's isotopes are tracing the paths along which Great Britain hopes to move atomic machinery, maintenance men, and processed nuclear fuel in the future.

MANY smaller industrialized countries know all too well how lack of power cramps and dwarfs them. These countries are a natural market for the medium-size, medium-price, ready-made reactor—the kind Great Britain is specializing in.

The underdeveloped countries are even more favorable areas. When uranium was discovered in South Africa, all kinds of machinery had to be ordered from other countries for its production. In all quarters of the world there are enormous needs for power. In areas where there are no natural resources like coal and water, atomic power seems the most promising possibility.

For all these countries, small reactors are necessary—individual outfits that can be placed wherever needed, thus avoiding the complications of distributing electricity from one big station all across the land.

". . . The export of power stations to other countries may well become of overriding economical importance," according to Sir Francis Simon, Professor of Thermodynamics at Oxford University. "To bring the rest of the world up to a power consumption per person of even, say, one-quarter of that in Britain, would require nuclear stations costing tens of thousands of millions of pounds. Such power stations would be just the right kind of export for Britain . . . which has a profusion of inventive genius, a start of ten or more years over most of the others, and an industry big enough to tackle the formidable task. Britain must under no circumstances miss this unique opportunity."

Sir Francis's convictions were echoed in the White Paper presenting the program to Parliament.

GREAT BRITAIN'S world position depends on close ties with the other Commonwealth nations. Furthermore, they have good supplies of the uranium, thorium, and other necessary metals that Great Britain lacks. The Commonwealth countries will doubtless be among the first to be favored with British nuclear power plants. In return, Great Britain will be assured of ample reserves of nuclear fuel. Already a formal exchange program has been announced between Britain and Australia.

Invention's Mother

With all the pressures of rebuilding and reorganization, the tensions of austerity and anxiety, how did Great Britain find the money, the energy, the courage, and the confidence in

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the future to develop this daring atomic energy program?

I asked this question of people in the British Atomic Energy Authority—the Research Establishment at Harwell, the British Electric Authority, the Fuel and Power Authority, the Coal Board, the Foreign Office—scientists, executives, professors, businessmen, and engineers.

The answers were many and varied, but the important factors are necessity and character.

Britain is desperately short of power. A member of the Coal Authority told me, "There's a constantly rising demand against a constantly falling supply. We're constantly short of good coal and short of miners. It has been apparent for a long time that we must either drop out of the industrial race or find another source of power." A recent investigation o the fuel supply of the United Kingdom indicated that the deficit of coal mined against the coal required could reach twenty million tons a year within a decade.

Britain, slowly strangling in the power squeeze, has long looked on nuclear fission as a means of breaking this hold. From the very beginning of the British atomic-energy program in 1946, a large team has been assigned to power production. Of course much of the plutonium produced in the atomic factories went into weapons, but a sizable amount of plutonium was dedicated from the start to experiments for industrial use.

Many of us in the United States think that simply because our atomic-energy program is the biggest (over $8 billion to date), our skill and knowledge must also be the most comprehensive and that we can easily apply them to industrial use whenever we wish. Perhaps we can, but not without enormous cost. Some British specialists intimated that just possibly we have been bewitched by bigness into overlooking corners that could be cut without impairing efficiency. They freely grant that we know more about reactors than anyone else in the world, but much of the information is in the money-is-no-object department. Until we can do it "on the cheap," as the British say, we shall be priced out of the market.

Britain's whole effort has been "on the cheap" and is directed at producing practical power at the earliest possible date. Our five-year AEC program, with its emphasis on variety and efficiency of reactor design, is by comparison a longer-range experimental program—a kind of exercise in technological perfectionism.

BRITAIN'S PLAN was laid down early and carefully. The goal was clear—electricity for the national grid, to provide domestic light, heat, and power. Nuclear-powered planes and ships would have to wait.

The method was daring: The British plunged into atomic energy without the means, the manpower, or the time to take it in easy stages. They jumped from the laboratory bench straight to the full-scale plutonium-separation plant and started building it while the chemical

engineers were still figuring answers on how to handle highly active fission products. Very unorthodox, but it worked.

Sir Christopher Hinton, who heads the production division of the Atomic Energy Authority, remarked drily, "It is an exaggeration to say that the separation plant at Windscale was built on a foundation of inspired guesswork, but there is an element of truth in this statement." He added: "Operation has shown how well founded are the theories and experiments on which these guesses were based. The designer really has to think for himself, and I believe that, although in proceeding along such lines one is taking a heavier risk, it usually happens that by taking this risk, better results are achieved."

As I looked at the plutonium-separation plant with its vent stack towering more than four hundred feet above me, I thought of Lloyd George's remark, "It is fatal to take a chasm in *two* jumps."

There is a widespread assumption among our experts that the British were forced to push their industrial atomic program because their production costs for electricity are much higher than ours. Actually, as explained earlier, there is no great difference between their present costs and ours. But there is an enormous difference in abundance. Britain was forced by foresight to develop atomic power.

Dr. Jacob Bronowski, the Coal Board's research director, disposed of the cost question thus: "Actually the cost of electricity is a very small item in the cost of manufactured goods—less than five per cent. Power itself is the critical thing. You can't get anywhere without it. Whatever you pay for it is unimportant—an insignificant fraction of the total cost."

Hunches and Genius

British temperament was an especially important factor in the development of the program.

An engineer told me: "We've always been behind on technology. We have no schools like M.I.T. You have the world's best-trained technologists — we've always been good at string-and-sealing-wax methods. Our scientists have a long tradition of making their own apparatus. Maybe that's why there's always somebody who's willing to say let's go ahead and take a chance. We may be such bad engineers that we don't see the problems, whereas you are so well trained that you see them all before you start."

Be that as it may, British figuring was so close that every factory planned came into operation within a month of the estimated date; the cost of every plant was within a small percentage of the estimated sum; and the first bulk output of plutonium was produced on precisely the date specified.

Underlying and supporting the whole achievement is the unique relationship between Great Britain and its scientists. There is a built-in conviction there that science is the

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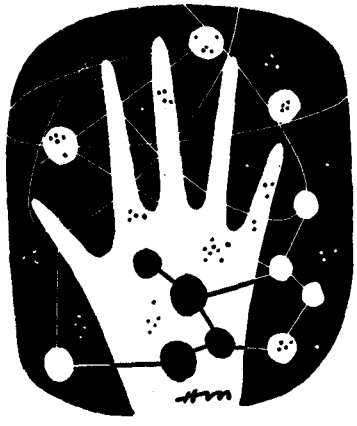
servant of society. It was apparent at the meetings of the British Association for the Advancement of Science at Oxford, where I heard scientists of international reputation explain their researches clearly, carefully, and wittily to standing-room-only audiences of their peers, lesser scientists, students, and the enlightened public.

The reaction is reversible: Britain respects and honors its scientists. Parliament votes the money for research and also delegates full responsibility to the experts. No one puts pressure on them or questions their activities.

A top-ranking scientist told me: "We are a nation of individualists—a small country that trusts in people. We trust the hunches of top scientists and let them work their ideas out without interference. Of course this allows the rare Fuchs to slip through—but a system so tight that it can keep out one Fuchs might keep out a hundred brilliant scientists who are completely loyal but somewhat eccentric—not to speak of what such restrictions would do to the free creative faculties of the rest. Britain feels it's better to take a chance and keep developing, making progress."

THE PRESENT attitude of the whole country toward the atomic program was set forth, I would guess, by the Manchester *Guardian* of February 16: "Nothing must be allowed to interfere with this plan. It is vital that we get our atomic stations on time . . . this task must be prosecuted with the kind of energy that made the first atomic bombs. Only in this way will atoms regain their lost reputation."



A Statement On Atoms for Peace

SENATOR CLINTON P. ANDERSON

I SEE in the Geneva Conference a great opportunity to speed up the peacetime uses of atomic energy.

We have done well with our weapons program. We have built a whole arsenal of deliverable bombs in many sizes, shapes, and capabilities. We may or may not have the planes and the rockets to deliver our hydrogen bombs or atomic warheads to specific targets, but the weapons end of the program has made such astonishing and alarming progress that we can probably consider ourselves ready for the nuclear war that must never come.

So what? Do we go around the world flexing our muscles and daring someone to strike us to see if we can strike back with devastating might? Or do we say: Let the emphasis on weapons die down. We have an atomic capability that can deter and, we hope, ultimately prevent war because of the certain knowledge that in a hydrogen war lasting less than one week there will remain no victors on either side of the conflict but only vanquished all over the earth.

AS RECOGNITION of this terrible fact of life becomes more widespread, there is bound to be an ever-increasing competition for leadership in the peaceful uses of atomic energy between the free world and the Soviets. How well are we preparing for this new competition?

We are sending a reactor to Switzerland for the Geneva meeting. We also are sending a reactor to the Philippines. Undoubtedly there will be American-made reactors in a dozen other countries when the present program is completed. Some of these will produce nuclear energy at high cost, but with a certain promise that these devices could be the forerunners of generating plants able to compete with fossil fuels and falling water as a steady economic source of electrical energy.

On June 11, at Pennsylvania State University, President Eisenhower reiterated America's intention to share the atomic peacetime benefits with friendly nations. I know that many firms would like to see a few power reactors here at home. The solemn fact is that our peacetime atomic-energy program has moved too slowly. There is a serious prospect that we may be outdistanced not only by the Soviets but also by our free-world ally Britain.

The overriding question is: Do we turn American industry loose in this world competition to bring the promise of abundant and cheap power to the have-not nations in all parts of the world?

America's dominant position in manufactured goods and agricultural products is the achievement of a highly competitive industry operating on its own initiative. Congress tried to express this faith in American competition in the Atomic Energy Act of 1954. We wrote into the law specific licensing provisions intended to end the present Federal monopoly in industrial atomic matters.

This hope continues into 1955 and was behind some of the questions raised by members of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy during hearings earlier this year. We were dismayed that the Atomic Energy Commission seemed determined to encourage the building of power-demonstration reactors on a "partnership" basis rather than through the granting of licenses to private industry.

Partnership or Monopoly?

This AEC policy of "partnership" has me, for one, confused. To me it appears to be a device that has resulted in retarding private initiative. Strangely, this seems to be exactly the reverse of the present Administration's practice of using "partnership" as a method to allow private

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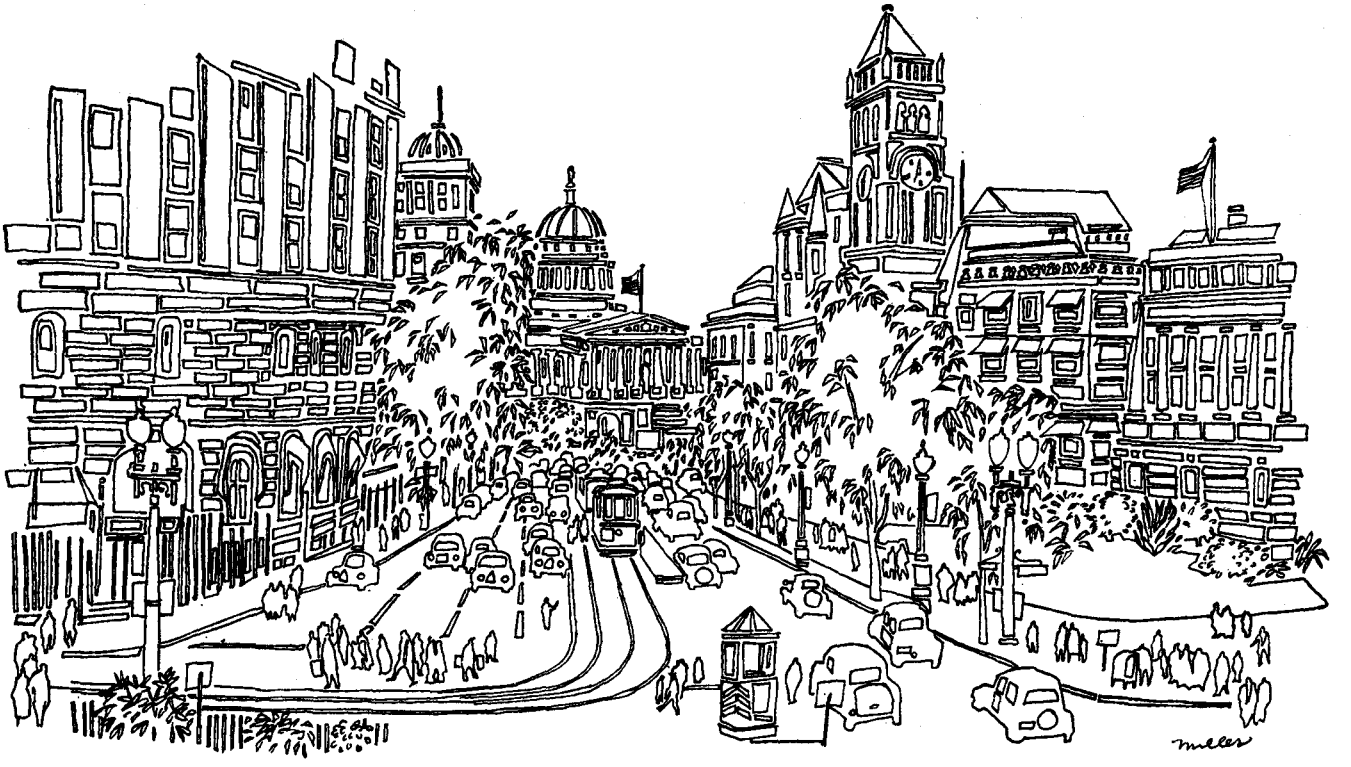

groups to take over hitherto approved government functions, such as the building of multiple-purpose dams in the Northwest.

On the first day of the Joint Committee hearings last January, it was pointed out that the AEC had tied the private electric industry to itself by agreements despite the fact that Congress, when it wrote licensing provisions into the Atomic Energy Act of 1954, had hoped that private industry would have a chance to develop reactors under licenses separate and apart from control and domination by the AEC. Some of us on the Joint Committee felt that the AEC's announced power-reactor-development program, on which bids had to be submitted before April 1, 1955, might promote monopoly. We believe that the best interests of this government would be served if, instead of building power reactors on a demonstration basis, with AEC putting up part of the money and hence controlling the type of reactors that might be built and the speed with which improvements might be made, the AEC would follow the best traditions of American industry and turn loose our private firms to make their own successes or failures.

Of course there are those who believe that the use of atomic energy for peacetime purposes should go forward very slowly; that a rapid development will threaten the investments of insurance companies and individuals in the stocks and bonds of existing utility companies; that these companies have great investments in steam generating plants which a new source of fuel would render obsolete. In my opinion this is folly of an unusually shortsighted nature.

For Private Industry

I had hoped, and still hope, that the power-reactor licenses granted by the Commission will be free from interference or restraints on the part of the government. Certainly the AEC has not made it fully possible for private industry to find out how far and how fast it can go in this field entirely on its own initiative. During the hearings last January we asked the Commission how many firms were ready to build these huge reactors on their own. Their opinion was that no firm was ready. When the general manager of AEC was asked whether the Commission expected to receive any license applications outside of the power-demonstration-reactor program – whether, in other words, American industry was ready to put its own funds into a license without government assistance—he replied: "It is still not in the cards for anyone to be able to finance a reactor on that basis."

What has happened since this testimony is American industry's best possible answer to that position. Commonwealth Edison of Chicago and its associates and Detroit Edison and Associates have made proposals that require no AEC assistance except the granting of access to the results of AEC-financed research and development on their individual reactor systems. Consolidated Edison of New York is moving ahead wholly on the license route, seeking to spend its own money on a reactor of advanced design. Frankly, I like this approach and wish all reactors were to be built under license.

WE CANNOT boast at Geneva about progress at home unless we turn industry loose to use this new force for the benefit of the people in this country and indirectly for the benefit of the people around the world. I hope that at Geneva we will be able to bid against all comers and that our bid will reveal that in the quickest time and in the most skillful manner, America can supply to interested nations the machines and knowledge that will enable them to utilize to the utmost this new fuel to build new industries and expand their own economies.

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The Growing Power Of the Soviet Air Force

THOMAS R. PHILLIPS, Brigadier General U.S.A. (Ret.)

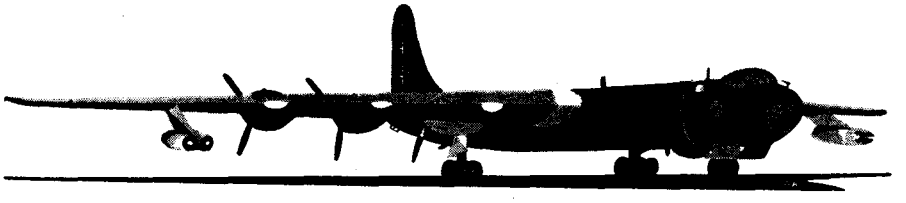
ONE of the first real showdowns between the Administration and the Opposition may come soon on the issue of our competitive position in air power vis-à-vis the Soviet Union, and whether it is to be determined by military or by budgetary considerations.

Popular respect for President Eisenhower as a military expert has made it politically difficult for his critics in either party to stand against the President's military recommendations. Their present access of courage is the result of Soviet aircraft demonstrations in practice flights for the last May Day celebration. (Due to bad weather the flybys could not be carried out on May Day itself this year.) These practice flights, together with later public demonstrations plus other intelligence, indicate, alarmingly, that the Soviet Union has surpassed the United States in the development of interceptors—defensive aircraft—and is rapidly drawing abreast in medium and heavy jet bombers—the means of delivery of nuclear weapons.

It is probable that today, in the words of Sir Winston Churchill, the U.S. and the Soviet Union have reached the point of "saturation" in thermonuclear weapons. This, Sir Winston explained, "means the point where although one power is stronger than the other—perhaps much stronger—both are capable of inflicting crippling or quasi-mortal injury on the other . . ."

WHEN THE point of saturation in weapons is reached the arms race shifts from the weapons themselves to the means of delivering them and the defense against them. The Soviet shows have demonstrated, according to our experts, that the Russians are ahead of the United States in the design and construction of large jet and turboprop engines and of interceptors, and that they have matched us in the design of medium and heavy bombers and in getting heavy bombers into production.

In spite of American skill in production, the Russians have a supersonic interceptor in combat formations while we have none; they have thousands of trans-sonic interceptors in combat formations while the United States has a few hundred; they started two years later than we to make a jet intercontinental bomber and now have it in formations while we don't; they have developed jet engines which, when first shown a year ago, had about twice the thrust of anything developed in the West; they have built more jet aircraft of a single type—the MIG-15—than we have of all jet aircraft combined and have built more light two-engined jet bombers than all the free world put together.



While the United States concentrated on jet engines and neglected turboprops, the Russians have developed both simultaneously. At the same time that the Soviets were involved in crash programs for medium and heavy bombers, they also had crash programs on long-range missiles. The United States, in contrast, completely dropped its intercontinental ballistic missile for two years and was progressing at a leisurely pace until Soviet progress forced a top priority on our missile program.

Defense Cover-up

These are shocking facts, but they are not really fresh news. The Air Force has been aware of them for a long time, and much has been public for at least a year. What has made it bad, however, is that the Defense Department has tried to cover up. The practice flights over Moscow for the May Day celebration were seen by millions of Russians and thousands of foreigners. The aircraft flew low and anyone could photograph them and deduce their characteristics. According to Hanson W. Baldwin of the New York *Times*, the Defense Department, in order to head off criticism of the Administration defense program by members of the Senate, put out a press release May 13 that was terse to the point of obscurity. Baldwin said it had been cleared at the highest level—meaning the White House. It gave no specific information nor did it go into the implications of the Soviet show. It merely concluded that this was "evidence of the modern technology of the Soviet aircraft industry and the advances which are being made by them."

If the release was intended to quiet criticism of the Defense Department's air program, it failed signally. Detailed information on the Soviet display was published in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* and the magazine *Aviation Week*. European publications printed informed interpretations about what the Russians had shown. Senator Stuart Symington (D., Missouri) used the confusing press release as an example to justify his demand for a Senate inquiry into the state of the military program.

Eleven days later at a news conference, Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson released a new statement of what had been seen in Moscow. This was not complete either. In it the Department admitted that "the Soviets displayed several models of modern jet bombers and fighters. They displayed more than fifty new supersonic day fighters and more than thirty new all-weather fighters, both in operational numbers. They displayed more than forty new medium bombers, known for the first time last year as a prototype. They showed at least nine new aircraft

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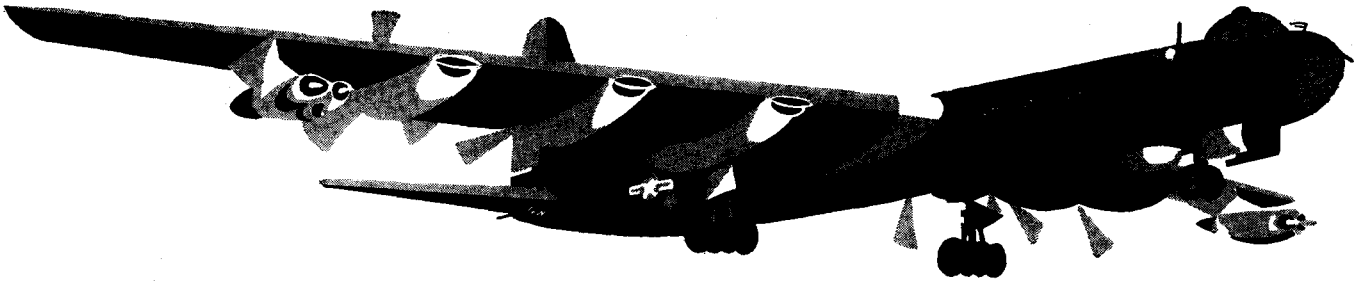

powered with turboprops, the first time they have displayed aircraft so powered. They displayed ten or more long-range heavy bombers after showing just one last year. This is comparable to our own B-52 which we are producing."

There is one error in the Secretary's statement quoted above. The medium bomber was not known as a prototype last year. A formation of nine was flown at the May Day celebration in 1954. Therefore the bomber was in quantity production and in combat formations a year ago.

There is another rather doubtful statement in the release. Secretary Wilson quoted the President as saying at his most recent news conference: "It is just not true" that we no longer have air superiority. What the President actually said was: "To say that we have lost in a twinkling all of this great technical development and technical excellence as well as the numbers in our total aircraft is just not true."

What the Display Meant

Where *does* the United States stand in relation to the Soviets in air power? The U.S.S.R.'s first outstanding achievement was the MIG-15, a subsonic jet interceptor for defense against the American intercontinental B-36. Fifteen thousand were manufactured between 1948 and 1952, with production reaching 450 a month at one time. The United States and Canada have built about six thousand of the comparable United States F-86 Sabrejet.

In 1952, production of the MIG-15 was stopped and the larger MIG-17 was put into production. The MIG-17 is an interceptor capable of speeds just below that of sound in level flight and of supersonic speed in dives. About seven thousand of the MIG-17 have been produced and more than four thousand are now in combat formations in the Soviet Union. Production is believed to be more than three hundred a month. In the United States the manufactured total of the comparable F-100s, or Supersabres, is in the low hundreds, and fewer than a hundred of them are in combat formations.

The fifty new Russian supersonic fighters noted in the Secretary of Defense's press release have sixty-degree swept-back wings. The display of such numbers meant that they are in assembly-line production and in combat formations. In the United States the comparable aircraft are still in the prototype-and-testing stage. From the observed characteristics of the Soviet supersonic fighter, it is not possible to judge its performance exactly. It is believed to be below that of the 1,000-mile-an-hour F-101.

The formation of thirty new all-weather fighters was as much of a shock as the supersonic day fighter. They have thin, straight wings and a solid radome nose. Performance is estimated to exceed that of the Lockheed F-94C Starfire but to be below the supersonic all-weather F-102. The latter, however, is still in the testing stage.

A NEW turboprop aircraft with counter-rotating propellers was displayed in a formation of nine. It is not known whether these are tankers, bombers, or long-range reconnaissance aircraft. The United States has a requirement for this type of aircraft for tankers and transports and is developing it. But again it will not be in use for some time, while the Soviet aircraft are now in combat inventory.

The Russians displayed forty or fifty of their Type 39 (Badger) medium bomber. This two-engined jet bomber is comparable in performance to the American six-engined B-47. When the big jet engines were first seen in flight a year ago, western designers, who had been unable to produce anything comparable, found it hard to believe that the Russians had succeeded. These engines had twice the thrust (18,000 to 20,000 pounds) of any jet engines then in production in the West. The larger engine is more economical of fuel than several smaller engines producing equivalent power. The rate of production of the Badger is not known but is believed to be substantial. It will replace the TU-4, a copy of the American B-29, as a threat against Europe and our peripheral air bases.

The B-47 Gamble

Since 1948 the United States has built about 1,500 of the B-47 medium bombers. It is the B-47 that accounts for American superiority in air power. Its 3,000-mile range, which can be doubled by in-flight refueling, exposes the entire surface of the Soviet Union to attack from our forward bases. The B-47 was no accident. It was ordered into production in 1948 by Secretary of the Air Force Symington without long testing and modification in prototype stage. As a result the first three hundred had to undergo modifications. It was not until after more than seven hundred had been built that all the changes found necessary in service use had been incorporated in the assembly lines. The modification of the B-47 cost more than three hundred million dollars. But if this wasteful haste had not been adopted, we might be now little better off than the Soviet Union in medium bombers. Instead, eighty per cent of the medium wings of the Strategic Air Command are now equipped with them. This is the bomb carrier that carries the air-atomic power of the United States,

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while the aging B-36 is being replaced by the jet B-52.

The Russian four-engined jet heavy bomber, the Type 37 (or Bison) was shown in prototype at the May Day celebration a year ago. Two formations, one of ten and one of eight, were seen this year. It was believed to have entered into production last year and is probably now going into combat formations. About thirty of the comparable American B-52 have been built. None are yet in squadron service.

The Men Who Fly

In summary, the Russians are behind us in medium bombers and approximately equal to us in intercontinental jet bombers and all-weather fighters. They surpass us in nearly all other types of military aircraft. But we are still not inferior in the air. Superiority consists in more than numbers and superior performance of aircraft. The MIG-15 in the Korean War was superior to the F-86 Sabre at higher altitudes and inferior at lower. The twelve-to-one difference in kills in combat cannot be accounted for by the difference in performance. It was due to the skill and training of the American pilots and superior gunsights.

The Russians have no organization remotely comparable in training and experience to the U.S. Strategic Air Command. The relative effectiveness between Soviet and American long-range bombers should be in about the same ratio as our superiority in fighters in Korea. The United States also benefits offensively and defensively from its geographic position and its peripheral bases. Whereas every Soviet attack on the United States must be intercontinental, most American attacks on the Soviet Union can be from nearer bases. One plane from a near base can make twice as many raids as from a distant base and hence is the equivalent in effectiveness of two planes working from intercontinental bases.

BUT AFTER CONCEDING all this, the Soviet advances in aircraft production and design are of grave significance. The new Soviet interceptors, especially the all-weather (night) interceptor, make the American intercontinental B-36 obsolete. It has been admitted for some time that the B-36 probably would not be able to operate over hostile territory in daytime without serious losses. It has been thought that it could operate at night. The new Soviet all-weather interceptor, once in adequate inventory, ends even the prospect of nighttime operations. It was because of this obvious conclusion that the Secretary of Defense asked Congress to make available $356 million to speed up the production of the jet intercontinental B-52. Production will be increased thirty-five per cent. This means that the replacement of the B-36 by the B-52 will be hastened, but at present there has been no decision to increase the number of heavy-bomber wings.

Bombers vs. Fighters

It is expectable that the new Soviet supersonic interceptors would greatly increase the predictable losses of B-52 and B-47 bombers in case of a war. At one time the Air Force planned to use a formation of ten to fifteen planes to carry one bomb. Part of these were to engage in diversionary tactics to draw off enemy fighters, others would have been loaded with equipment for radar countermeasures. The reduction in weight of this equipment and the high performance of the B-52 and B-47 led to plans for every bomber

to have a bombing mission. With the Soviet advance in fighters, the Strategic Air Command might have to go back to large defensive formations. This, together with the greater losses to be expected, would require greater numbers of aircraft than are now contemplated. The Administration has not faced up to this problem yet.

The bomber-fighter relationship needs to be turned around and looked at with the United States on the receiving end. The Soviet Union is now producing high-performance intercontinental jet bombers, and should have them in large numbers within two years. The United States, in contrast to the Soviet Union, does not have the supersonic all-weather and day fighters in combat units. The U.S. Continental Air Defense Command would have to meet, if war came, high-performance jet bombers with fighters and interceptors with performances only marginally superior to that of the invading craft.

Contrasting Approaches

The average American with confidence and pride in our industrial skill finds it hard to believe that the Russians can outdesign and outproduce us in any field. How did it come about? Why are the Russians able to compress the time between design and mass production more than we? For example, the United States started on the B-52 in 1948. It was first tested in 1952, and first production came in the spring of 1954. The comparable Soviet Type 37 was designed in 1950, first tested in 1953, and first produced in 1954. They gained between two and three years on the United States in making a heavy jet bomber although we had experience and production facilities for heavy aircraft that the Soviet Union did not have.

There are a number of reasons for our lag. One is the present business approach to production in the Pentagon. The businessman likes a nice economical routine. This is laudable and proper if the competition is mild as in banking but it can be disastrous if the competition is for survival. The entirely business approach would not tolerate such expense as was required to get the B-47 into early production. But that wasteful and courageous decision on the B-47 is the single reason that the United States still has an edge over the Soviet in the air. It would be nice to test and test and test until a perfect prototype of a new aircraft has been made. But the plane would be obsolete when it was ready for production. It would be like ordering today a 1958 Cadillac to be delivered in 1960. We are doing exactly that in permitting the Russians to have a cycle from design to production two years shorter than ours.

It is American practice to build

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one or two prototypes, handmade versions, and to use one or two test pilots. The testing period could be greatly reduced if as many as ten prototypes were produced and a number of test pilots were used.

Delays in Lead Time

The business approach in the Pentagon created a serious delay in lead time when it stopped the issuance of letters of intent to contract to the producers. By letters of intent the

Air Force was able to start the producer as soon as the money was appropriated. It now takes eight to ten months to decide on a type and award and complete a contract. Today there is this needless delay in getting started on new production.

Another problem is the decision-making and budget cycle. The budget for 1957 is now being started. Today the Air Force may not know which new designs it wants to put into prototype and which new aircraft in the testing stage it may want to produce. The decisions have to be made in some cases after the budget has gone to Congress. The yearly budget itself tends toward yearly decisions. In the Soviet Union there is no such cycle. Decisions can be made at any time and once made production is all-out. Stalin decided on the MIG-15 and almost the entire Soviet aviation industry concentrated on it. This was the largest and fastest expansion of airpower in postwar history.

Another delay in lead time can be debited to the present Administration. It prevented expansion of personnel in the Air Force while the numbers of wings were still expanding. One "saving" was in the elimination of transition and final combat-crew training in the Training Command of the Air Force. Combat units, when they get new aircraft, now have to do both transition and combat crew training themselves. Had the Training Command not been cut, the crews would have been trained by it, ready when the new aircraft became available.

It has required an enormous effort for the Soviet Union to pull ahead of the United States in the aviation industry. The effort has been promoted in successive Five-Year Plans since 1928. At the same time the Russians have vastly increased their scientific and technical training. According to Ramsay. D. Potts, Jr., in the May issue of the *Annals of The American Academy of Political and Social Science*: "While the United States has been turning out far more university *graduates*, the Soviets between 1928 and 1953 have graduated 150,000 *more engineers* than the United States. In 1928 the Soviets had some 26 institutions offering engineering training. Today there are approximately 175 schools offering *training in engineering exclusively*. Their enrollment numbers about 300,000 students. By comparison, some 210 United States colleges offer engineering courses with an enrollment of about 194,000 students. . . . Since 1951, the Soviets have been graduating at least 1,200 to 1,400 aeronautical engineers per year. In 1954, the United States graduated 645 aeronautical engineers. The quality of Soviet instruction is very high by United States standards: the students get considerably more education in the general sciences, and especially in mathematics."

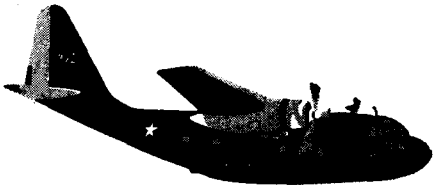
The Dollar in Power

The Soviet Union, as Senator Symington avers, is in the process of surpassing the United States in aircraft quality. For several years it has been ahead in quantity. But as long as the Administration refuses to admit this and fails to do anything about it, there is little chance that the United States will regain its lead. On May 24, Assistant Secretary of the Air Force Roger Lewis at a news conference with the Secretary of Defense said in answer to a question: "I would say in terms of airplanes that can do the job, the fighting job, in the quality of airplanes, I think we have not only qualitative superiority, but quantitative superiority."

From the figures given above it can be seen that this is not true as to quality except for the B-47. As to quantity, the Soviet Union has for some years maintained about twenty thousand aircraft in combat formations and about twenty thousand in reserve. The United States has about thirteen thousand aircraft in combat formations in the Air Force, Navy, and Marine Corps and a total inventory of all types from one-seaters on up of about thirty-nine thousand. The figures to be compared, however, are the aircraft in combat formations. Here the U.S. total is deceptive. Half the aircraft on naval carriers exist only to defend the carriers. Marine aviation is tied to ground units so closely that it is of only limited use. In the air battle, Navy carriers do not stay in one place long and hence naval aviation can give only limited yield in sustained combat as compared to land-based aircraft.

What has happened to our relative position in air power cannot be reversed overnight. We should be going into production of supersonic medium and heavy bombers right now and should have been producing supersonic fighters for at least a year. Instead we are years away.

We shall probably acquire a belated sense of urgency in the next year, and as our margin of leadership vanishes indulge again in crash programs in an effort to catch up. In the meantime our relative posi-



tion will grow worse for at least two or three years. It will take that long for a sense of urgency today to have an effect on production of advanced aircraft. The "new look" in the Pentagon two years ago was a look at the defense dollar and not at defense needs. The dollar is still in power. As a result we are again in the old cycle, decried by the President, of feast and famine in the armed forces. The economies of the past two years soon will have to be erased by new expansions because the "new look" peered in the wrong direction.

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Is Disarmament Finally in Sight?

WILLIAM R. FRYE

DO WE as a nation want a disarmament agreement that would involve giving up our nuclear weapons?

The summer and fall of 1955 may confront the United States with this decision, one of the most critical we have ever had to make. It is by no means too soon—in fact, it is already late—to begin a national debate on the issue.

We have never had to answer this question on any but a theoretical basis. There was no chance of the Russians' agreeing to destroy their bombs—not on any realistic terms. We could propose to give up ours, reaping the propaganda advantage of this virtuous pose without any danger that our bluff would be called.

This spring for the first time a disarmament agreement seemed at least remotely possible. It is certainly not likely; but it is possible. The Soviets, surprisingly, have accepted about half of the terms and conditions we have been putting forward since 1946, and we in turn are in the process of scaling down our demands. Disarmament is high on the list of topics for the Big Four at San Francisco and thereafter. As part of a general political package settlement, a disarmament agreement is by no means inconceivable.

Any such agreement would make far-reaching and even fundamental changes in the strategic planning of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. It would alter the assumptions on which our diplomats act in every corner of the globe. It would reach down into every branch of logistics and training, basically altering our manpower needs, budget planning, and tax structure. It would transform the terms of reference for NATO. These would be just a few of its effects.

ARE WE ready for any such earthquake? Would it be in our national interest?

These are the questions that are being asked in Washington with increasing urgency at this moment.

I have just made a survey of the tentative answers that are being given. In the Pentagon, where disarmament always has been something of a naughty word, the prospect is viewed with a mixture of skepticism and alarm. In the State Department and in the office of Harold E. Stassen, Special Assistant to the President for disarmament problems, brilliant and dedicated young men—some of them still in their twenties—are wrestling with the problem, and there is a note of carefully restrained hope. On Capitol Hill, Senate Minority Leader William F. Knowland of California has come out flatly against "any limitation of atomic weapons," but some other right-wing Republicans,

who might be expected to oppose anything remotely smacking of world government, are in favor of disarmament under tight U.N. supervision.

This soul-searching in the White House, in Foggy Bottom, in the Pentagon, at the Atomic Energy Commission, and on Capitol Hill amounts to a whole new look at the disarmament problem. Many of the theses taken for granted since 1946 are being dusted off and examined anew. Many of the assumptions on which our negotiating position has been based are being modified.

There are those who feel that this re-examination could produce the miracle of disarmament with all that it implies—a stripping away of the Iron Curtain, a transformation in the world atmosphere, even perhaps the fundamental metamorphosis of world Communism. There is also, of course, the distinct possibility that nothing will result—except a few loud horselaughs from the skeptics.

Is Disarmament Safe?

The case against nuclear disarmament has something of the character of a time bomb. Its opponents have lain low, partly because their views are unpopular in some quarters, partly because too much talking would damage the propaganda position of the United States, and partly because there really has been no need to argue the case while the chances of disarmament were so remote. If, however, the present trend were to continue and an agreement were to become imminent, they certainly would speak out like a blast of thunder—and perhaps overwhelm the proponents, who are relaxing in the belief that they have a solid base of public support.

At bottom, opposition to nuclear disarmament rests on two hypotheses: that nuclear weapons are so frightful they serve to prevent war; and that no disarmament system, however airtight theoretically, could really provide safety from surprise attack. The once-popular argument that western superiority must be maintained is now being abandoned, not only because nuclear superiority no longer has much meaning but also because the Russians have at last agreed to make some cuts in conventional forces to compensate for our loss of nuclear strength.

Sir Winston Churchill put into vivid words the first of the two basic arguments against disarmament. Pointing out that in the hydrogen age "continents are vulnerable as well as islands," predicting that soon both East and West would reach the saturation point—the point at which each would be able to knock out the other—he said:

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"It may well be that we shall, by a process of sublime irony, have reached a stage . . . where safety will be the sturdy child of terror, and survival the twin brother of annihilation."

For some ten years the United States has successfully relied on safety through terror—or, as Sir Winston preferred to call it, "the policy of the deterrent." During the last six of those years, the Soviets have been in a position to do hideous damage to this country. We have counted on our capacity for retaliation to stay their hand.

Would we, under any circumstances, wish to exchange that security, precarious though it is, for a system of internationally controlled disarmament? Our answer would presumably depend on how much safety we feel we would get from disarmament. Is there any such thing as a safe disarmament plan?

BACK in 1946, the United States thought it had devised such a scheme. Whatever the political feasibility of the Baruch Plan, it would have been technically possible for the United Nations to have taken over ownership of all fissionable raw materials, all mines, all "dangerous" plants, and virtually all the finished product. On paper, at least, a control commission could have supervised the production of every gram of weapon-grade material, kept track of its whereabouts, and made certain that it was not put into a bomb. It could have traced virtually every gram that had previously been made. None of this would have been absolutely foolproof, but at first glance it was considered precise enough to provide reasonable security.

Whether this scheme would have been safe in practice the world will never know. There are many now who doubt it. At any rate, it is clear it would not be adequate now. With every year that has gone by, the job of tracing down past production and making certain it has not been hidden has become more difficult. The tiny amount that might have escaped detection in 1946, multiplied by nine for the nine years that have followed—and by another, unknown, factor for the increase in productive capacity of the world's reactors—suggests a formidable amount of secret bomb material beyond the purview of any inspectorate, however unrestricted its field and however great its power. There is no technical

problem involved in hiding weapon-grade fissionable material.

There would still, of course, be the problem of delivering the hidden weapons to a target. But this would not be difficult. Long-range commercial aircraft equipped for aerial refueling could do the job after a comparatively easy reconversion. When intercontinental guided missiles become commonplace, the launching platforms could presumably be concealed in caves, natural or man-made. There are those who picture a group of pneumatically operated platforms rising out of a well-camouflaged section of a Siberian steppe, aimed at the vital American "triangle"—that vulnerable concentration of industry, population, and government between Washington, Chicago, and Bangor.

Of course it would be difficult to keep all this concealed over a period of time. But even the slightest risk is a very serious matter. A handful of hydrogen bombs would be enough to knock the United States squarely back into the Stone Age.

THIS is the kind of nightmare that haunts the Pentagon when nuclear disarmament is seriously discussed. Officially, the generals and colonels favor disarmament; but below the surface—and not very far below, at that—they are very cautious and skeptical men.

"A quantity of plutonium—probably less than would fill this box on the table, and quite a safe thing to store," said Churchill, patting a dispatch box in the House of Commons, "would suffice to produce weapons which would give indisputable world domination to any great power which was the only one to have it.

"There is no absolute defense against the hydrogen bomb, nor is any method in sight by which any nation or any country can be completely guaranteed against the devastating injury which even a score of them might inflict on wide regions."

Is there, then, any such thing as a wholly "safe" disarmament plan? The only candid answer is "No," there is not, so far as anyone now knows.

They Give a Little

But the "policy of the deterrent" is not wholly safe, either—not by a long shot. Churchill acknowledged this, and many others have echoed his words. "I must make one admission, and any admission is formidable," he said. "The deterrent does not cover the case of lunatics or dictators in the mood of Hitler when he found himself in his final dugout."

So long as nuclear weapons are allowed to exist, say the proponents of disarmament, there is always the possibility of disaster. The prospect of indefinite "safety through terror" is insupportable, they argue. Even a partial solution, even a solution that depends—as it obviously would have to depend, at least in part—on Soviet good faith, would be preferable.

Acting on the assumption that the dangers of a "balance of terror" are greater than the dangers of evasion, a group of disarmament specialists in Stassen's office, headed by Robert Matteson, is going over the ground in search of possible keys to agreement with the Russians.

The search is less of an academic exercise than it has been in the past. The East-West gap on disarmament questions is still wide, but it is no

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longer quite such a yawning chasm. If one assumes good faith on the part of the Soviets—always a risky assumption—they have now accepted the following western demands;

¶ Disarmament in the conventional field must go hand in hand with control of nuclear weapons, major reductions in the huge armies of the Soviet Union balancing and even preceding nuclear disarmament.

¶ The whole program must be so timed that, barring serious infractions, no country's national security would be in peril at any stage.

¶ All countries having substantial armaments (notably including Red China) must be bound by the disarmament agreement.

¶ Paper promises are of no value unless there is independent verification—that is, inspection and other safeguards.

THERE ARE a number of disagreements left, but the principal area of dispute involves the extent of the inspection and the nature of the other safeguards. This is a field in which an almost unlimited quantity of nonsense has been spoken and written. The facts deserve to be set forth in perspective.

Ever since 1946, when the Baruch Plan was put forward, the United States has used the word "control" to mean far more than just inspection, however comprehensive the inspection might be. In the French and Russian languages, however, the word "control" is synonymous with "inspection" or "verification"; you "control" a bank statement at the end of the month, or a tab in a restaurant. It was a long time before diplomats fully realized that they were not talking about the same thing when they discussed the "control" of nuclear weapons.

Soviet diplomats have strongly resisted the idea of controls that go beyond inspection. They have, however, agreed to a certain amount of inspection—an amount that has expanded over the years. In 1946, the Soviets proposed that national governments "control" themselves. In 1947 Andrei Gromyko said that his government would be willing to give international inspectors the right to make periodic checks at specified points, with special well-advertised inspections on suspicion of violation. This was somewhat better, but not much.

In early 1952, the late Andrei Vishinsky began toying with the western idea of "continuous" as distinct from "periodic" inspection. First he made a concession; then, in effect, he withdrew it. Inspection could be "continuous," but not "permanent." Inspectors could not come into a plant and "put their feet on the table." Western diplomats sadly shook their heads.

Then for two and a half years, Soviet policy went into a deep freeze. The ice did not melt until the fall of 1954—that is, until a year after the Soviets had exploded their first hydrogen bomb. Along with important concessions on the timing and phasing of the disarmament program, Vishinsky offered to permit the permanent stationing of inspectors at key plants. Here again, however, Vishinsky seemed to be playing a "now-you-see-it, now-you-don't" game, for on questioning it developed that the Soviet Union expected to be able to name the points at which inspectors could be stationed, barring them from all others. "You don't want to inspect button factories, do you?" Vishinsky asked. The western representatives assured him they most certainly did. How else could they be sure the Consolidated People's Button Factory of Minsk was not turning out bullets, land mines, or even bomb casings on the side?

At the 1955 session of the U.N. disarmament subcommittee, Gromyko once again went through the prestidigitation act. In February he withdrew the 1954 Vishinsky concessions; in March he made them anew—to the accompaniment, of course, of world-wide headlines. Finally, in May, Jacob Malik, Gromyko's replacement, took a new step forward.

This diplomatic shell game has been anything but confidence-inspiring. But if the Malik proposal is a position Moscow will stand by, the Soviet Union is now prepared to station "permanently in all countries signatories to the convention" a staff of international inspectors who "within the bounds of the control functions they exercise, would have unhindered access at any time to all objects of control." There could be "control, including inspection on a permanent basis, on the scale necessary to insure the implementation of the . . . convention."

Words do not always mean what they appear to say. Scrutinized closely, this formula is by no means the same thing as wholly unrestricted inspection. It may not even be any advance over 1954, though new phrases have been used. How much control do the Russians consider "necessary"? Are button factories "objects of control"? (As of April, 1955, they still were not.) What are the "control functions they [the inspectors] exercise"? Do they include aerial reconnaissance, for example? And highly important: Why must this so-called "unhindered access" be limited, as it is, to the later phases of the disarmament process, when atomic prohibitions are due to set in? Why can it not also apply to the early stages, when the Soviet Union is to begin cutting its armies and conventional armament? The Soviet answer—that international trust and confidence will suddenly spring into being, full blown, between the first and second stages, thus making inspection bearable—will hardly hold water.

We Give a Little

There are still many bugs in the scheme, many loopholes to be plugged. But considering where Gromyko was in 1946 and 1947—and considering that the whole Communist system is built on secrecy—it is remarkable that the Kremlin has come as far as it has. Some western observers believe that at last the Russians may really want an agreement. Stalin has died; the West's bargaining position has been greatly strengthened; there are severe economic pressures within the Soviet Union; perhaps most important of all, the men in the Kremlin have themselves seen the effects of an H-bomb. There is a theory in Washington, based in part on high-level intelligence data, that an important change in Soviet outlook can be traced to the fact that we did not hit them with an atomic attack in the confusion immediately following Stalin's death. The Kremlin is said to have fully expected such an attack, and to have altered its view of the United States when it did not come.

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However this may be, there will be opportunity to test the Soviet sincerity this summer and fall in a series of East-West negotiations. One principal subject for exploration will be the inadequacies and imprecision of the Soviet plan for inspection.

Closely associated with this subject is another of equal importance. What controls, if any, over and above inspection are needed?

IN THIS AREA, the United States has been moving toward the Soviet Union. Our concessions have received far less ballyhoo than theirs; many of them are almost unknown to the world. Sometimes we have acted as if we were ashamed to admit we had modified our position. But we have made some highly significant concessions. Slowly but surely we have been backing away from the idea that there must be control beyond inspection.

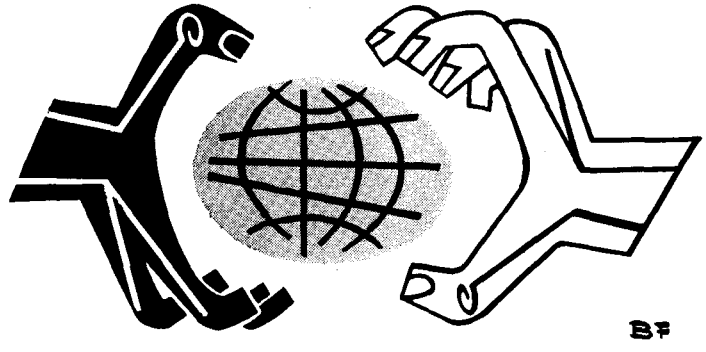
Suppose an inspector discovers a violation; what does he do? Under the Baruch Plan or a similar scheme, if the violation were taking place inside a plant, the inspector—as owner and manager—would of course correct it. But if the violation took place outside his immediate jurisdiction—if for example a country were found to be manufacturing bombs from material stolen or hidden away—it is not clear just what he could do. He could protest; he could issue a cease-and-desist order; he could shut down plants producing new material; he could shut off supplies. But none of this would be really effective against a great power determined to make bombs. In the last analysis, the only recourse would be armed force—that is, war—whatever the theoretical authority of the control organ.

Many U.N. diplomats and scientists decided years ago that there was no point in holding out for "veto-free" enforcement power. General A. G. L. McNaughton of Canada said as early as 1949 that in his view, the emphasis in the U.N. Atomic Energy Commission had properly "shifted from the unattainable objective of prevention and the punishment of violators by an autocratic and powerful authority to the more reasonable and realizable purpose of setting up an effective system to ensure adequate warnings."

In the United States, however, the idea of "enforcement power" still has great appeal.

A Burglar Alarm

Official U.S. policy clung to the Baruch Plan until the spring of 1954. Then, at the first sessions of the London disarmament subcommittee, we put forward a substitute control plan that omitted all provision for international ownership and retained little that resembled international management. We proposed that the control organ be empowered, when it discovered a violation, to do two things: shut down the offending plant, indeed all plants in the country involved, and cut off supplies of nuclear materials.



This substantial concession may have had something to do with the unfreezing of the Soviet position in the fall of 1954. But it still was not a wholly realistic stand. How would one go about cutting off supplies to a country that had its own mines and reactors? And suppose the control commission's attempt to close a plant were defied; what would the United States have it do? Short of calling for collective military action by the U.N. General Assembly or by a regional group such as NATO, what could we do? Furthermore, military action of this kind could obviously be taken in any event, whether "enforcement" were written into a treaty or not. A major disarmament violation would be an automatic *casus belli;* it would release all other states from the inhibitions of the treaty. What the other states would really need—in practice, as distinct from theory—would be early notice; they would need the "effective system to ensure adequate warnings" to which General McNaughton referred.

It is to this stage that much Washington thinking has evolved. Our latest control plan, put forward in London in April of this year, leaves the whole subject of interim enforcement measures vague, implying that the matter is open for negotiation. Meanwhile our experts are racking their brains to evolve a reliable burglar-alarm system combined with a large, well-lighted plate-glass window that the burglar would have to break with a resounding crash. We are thinking through the idea of a "judicial system" of investigation, trial, and appeal, with U.N. organs in key roles. If a country accused of a violation refused to submit to the investigation and legal process, this in itself would be a warning, and would give other states moral justification for countermeasures as drastic as necessary. This, it is felt, is all the real protection any control system could provide anyway in the present-day world. A country determined to commit aggression could always do so, whatever powers a control organ possessed on paper. "Enforcement" would be war.

AN INTERESTING aspect of the Soviet plan of this May is that the Russians, too, seem to be thinking in terms of a burglar-alarm system. They propose that control posts be set up in "big ports, railway junctions, motor roads, and airdromes" to "watch that there should be no dangerous concentrations of ground forces or of air and naval forces." They point out that a country bent on aggression would normally prepare for it by concentrating at such

(Continued on page 26)

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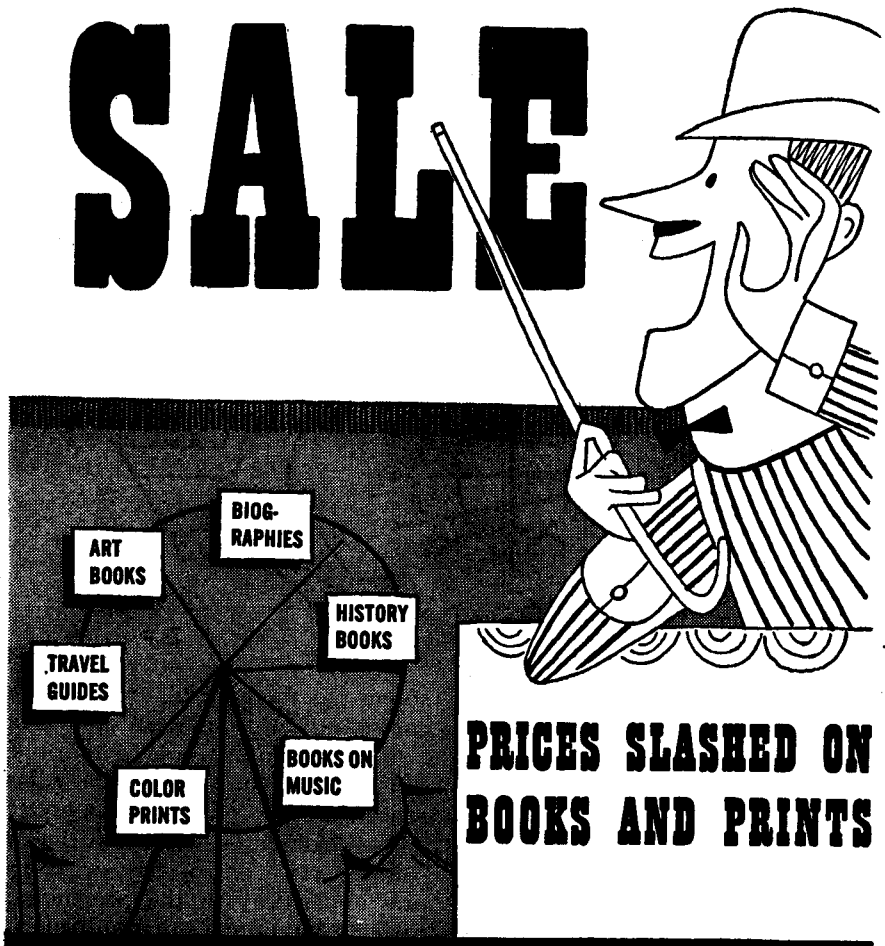

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points "large military formations with big quantities of conventional armaments, aircraft, guns, tanks, naval vessels, etc."

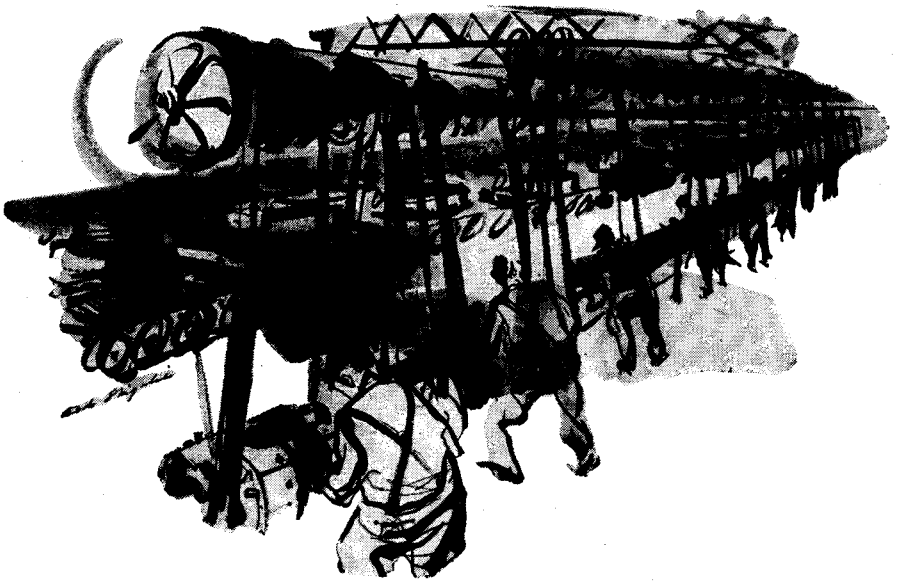
The official United States reaction to this proposal is that it is the same control scheme that has been discredited in Korea. But this is not necessarily the case. The difficulty in Korea is that the Neutral Nations Supervisory Commission may not visit more than a few specified ports of entry, and then only with the permission of the Czech and Polish members of the Commission, who can and do veto surprise inspections. The Soviets do not place similar restrictions on the proposed disarmament "control posts"; they say nothing on the point.

Obviously the plan would have to be clarified.

As of this moment, the world disarmament picture amounts to this: East and West have cleared away most of the underbrush that has blocked the path since 1946. In the one remaining area still to be adjusted, they seem to be coming together. The Soviet Union is gradually expanding its ideas on inspection. The United States is approaching the point where inspection would be considered sufficient. For the first time an agreement seems conceivable.

But this does not answer the more fundamental questions raised by the opponents of any disarmament scheme. Suppose the burglar-alarm system—American, Soviet, or some combination—worked exactly as intended. Would it provide a warning in time? How long would it take us to get back our deterrent power if we needed it? Would we have that much time? With no way of being sure, could we trust the security of the United States to such a system? In a world atmosphere sufficiently improved to make possible a disarmament agreement, could we take the calculated risk? Or would we be better off to continue as is, with what Mr. Eisenhower has called "two atomic colossi . . . doomed malevolently to eye each other indefinitely across a trembling world"?

Sooner or later we must decide. The stage is rapidly being set for one of the great debates of American history.



At Home & Abroad

Labor: The Alliance On the Plateau

MURRAY KEMPTON

In Detroit, Walter Reuther's auto workers have made Ford and General Motors agree to the principle of the guaranteed annual wage. In Washington, the Congress of Industrial Organizations has completed all but the formalities for rejoining the American Federation of Labor and thus forming a coalition of fifteen million workers.

Looking at Reuther's victory over the annual wage and the prospective merger, the leaders of labor talked as few of them have talked since 1937, of organizing white-collar workers. They also mentioned a successful assault upon the South, and a towering new labor political machine.

The most hyperbolic statement came from the CIO Steelworkers' David J. McDonald, who speaks of organizing fifty million employed Americans still outside unions, a vision that embraces, among so many others, the officials of the United States Steel Corporation, who have done reasonably well with no previous impulse to pay dues to McDonald's union.

If Walter Reuther could not see quite so limitless a vista stretching out from the guaranteed annual wage, there were abundant witnesses ready to proclaim it for him. The annual wage, they said, had moved the auto worker into the middle class in one stroke by assuring him the security and job stability until now accessible only to the salaried employee.

Yet the reality was much closer to earth. Reuther had in hand so much less than he had asked as to make what he had won only the bare bone of the guaranteed annual wage. Ford and General Motors had refused him the guaranteed forty-hour workweek; they had given him at best only the guaranteed semi-annual wage and no more than two-thirds of that in layoff periods. Reuther is a fellow who takes only half a loaf for the sake of getting in-

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side the bakery, and the promise of the guaranteed annual wage is ahead of him. It is a promise rather than an achieved reality; he must wait three years before he can get on toward it.

A harsher fact, and one that will survive many dreams to come, is the auto worker's condition of labor. He works at a grim and remorseless job on terms set in their mold by management. It was a victory for his union this spring when Ford granted him the right to take a sweeper's job, at an hourly wage cut of thirty-five cents or more, just to escape the assembly line. Reuther hoped this year to set some limit on the compulsory overtime that is at once the source of the auto worker's prosperity and the curse of his workday; it was a demand so hopeless that the union dropped it early in negotiations. An assembly hand retires at a pension that can run as high as $1.50 an hour. He may have reached the middle class in economic terms, but in the social sense he still beds down outside the moat.

IN THE SAME WAY, the reality is narrower than the rhetoric that surrounds the prospect of an enormous and united AFL springing from next winter's merger conventions. The situation is not of a labor movement reaching for total power but rather of unions strong and stable and with their sense of crisis past them. Reuther for the CIO and George Meany for the AFL have met on a plateau from which neither hopes to climb or fears to descend very soon.

The United States has not experienced a major national strike since 1952. There have been no spectacular organizing advances since the late 1930's. Even so, the unions have grown steadily, if without special excitement. Alone among important labor leaders, John L. Lewis has failed to add significantly to his union's membership since the end of the Second World War.

Labor's political committees have been effective and promise to continue so, but they too have reached a plateau. In Congress they can expect only a stalemate; the Taft-Hartley Law remains substantially as it was written in 1947—the low point in the unions' postwar political fortunes. Taft-Hartley is not likely to get either better or worse for them in the predictable future.

But if labor expects few blessings from Congress, it anticipates few wounds from it either. Its enemies have already retreated to the outer frontiers of the state legislatures, there to concentrate on lobbying for "right-to-work" or anti-union-shop

bills; they too are slowed down to a point near stalemate.

Stewards, Not Generals

The sense of disaster that used to surround every important labor question has been replaced by a feeling of comity; the major strike that threatens is averted more often than not. The captains themselves no longer seem to believe that it will come up war.

It is not too long, after all, since Detroit took for granted a large-scale auto strike every spring. Now peace has become the norm that conflict used to be.

For these are not, at least in the strongholds of the unions, times of crisis. Rather this is a period of comparative calm, a time for stewards rather than for combat generals.

The two key figures in the new federation are pre-eminently stewards, even though one of them, Walter Reuther, has been a successful captain of light cavalry in days more strenuous. George Meany, the developing dominant power in the new AFL, has few credentials as an organizer. His rise in the AFL was in defiance of that tradition which has always dictated that the only true test of a labor leader's stature is the number of workers who pay him dues directly.

IN THE FIELD, Meany was never much more than a plumbers' business agent; and he comes directly from the AFL building-trades unions that have been a perpetual source of despair to all who dreamed of organized labor as a conscious and sweeping instrument of social purpose.

Meany has advanced as a staff man, first as president of the New York State Federation of Labor and later as secretary-treasurer of the AFL itself. Since he represented very little power, and since, by custom, national AFL officials are monarchs reigning over feudal autonomies, he should have ended no more than a clerk.

But by a special mixture of skill and unyielding personal sinew, he has become the strongest man in the AFL. The strongest man in the AFL is something less than an absolute sovereign, but Meany is more powerful than anyone there since Samuel Gompers.

Labor leaders as a group enjoy a press that does not minimize their potentialities. Meany is perhaps the only one of them who, over the past two years, has outstripped his press clippings. His tenure as president of the AFL has been an increase in power as steady as it was unexpected.

Meany reversed the AFL's traditional posture of national political neutrality by pushing his organization's convention to endorse Adlai Stevenson in 1952. He led the fight to throw the International Longshoremen's Association out of the AFL in 1953, after a New York waterfront-crime investigation had

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dragged the AFL through odorous headlines for weeks. Eisenhower won easily, and the ILA seems to have survived Meany's best efforts to destroy it. But the best measure of Meany's authority is that neither defeat appears to have diminished it.

Reuther and Meany

Meany was a plumbers' business agent in 1932 when Walter Reuther was a student at Wayne University in Detroit. There was a vast difference in their perspective then. Today Reuther is one of the few survivors from that generation of young men of boundless aspiration who breathed new life into the unions of the 1930's, and Meany seems the very face and form of the slow and obsolescent rulers of the movement they thought to capture.

Yet they are more alike than they are different. The revolution in industrial society that Reuther represents is largely triumphant, but he has had to adjust himself to its limitations. The past that George Meany seems to represent is gone, yet he has adjusted himself to its passing. They have met upon the plateau because they can live with reality. They have their private differences; they share a disposition to quarrel over unimportant matters and a capacity not to magnify them. But on the most important issue in each of their lives—the face and character of the labor movement—Meany and Reuther have united because each needs the other for his own protection. Reuther cannot function within the new AFL-CIO merger without Meany's support. But with Meany and his majority of AFL representatives, the CIO becomes part of a great new centrist force in American labor, moderate in aspirations, respectable in tendency, and secure about its place in society.

This is an aggregation so large as to make exclusion from it an uncomfortable prospect for any enemy of George Meany or Walter Reuther.

What Meany Told Beck

A few weeks ago, Meany offered an almost casual instance of his new superiority in force to Dave Beck and the AFL Teamsters Union. Beck has long been considered Meany's most serious opponent; the impressiveness of his potential as a rival rested on the solid fact of the Teamsters Union's girth and the long custom according to which its leaders had been their own law in the AFL's councils.

Last January, the disgraced International Longshoremen's Association signed a contract assuring it control of New York waterfront labor for the next two years. That seemed an effective end to Meany's effort to displace the ILA, and there emerged certain old-fashioned elements in the AFL to argue for the wisdom of taking it back uncleansed and triumphant.

In February, Beck stepped forward as representative of this sort of realism and offered the ILA's leaders a place in the Teamsters. He acted, it is true, under pressure from the Teamsters' vice-president, James Hoffa, a fellow tolerant of unconverted scoundrels. But whether or not Beck felt equipped to resist Hoffa inside the Teamsters, he seems to have had little fear that Meany might resist the Teamsters inside the AFL.

Early in May, Meany confounded Beck by explaining that the ILA had been formally expelled by an AFL convention and that any affiliate flouting that awful decision would be suspended automatically and without appeal: The AFL constitution was quite clear on the subject. Beck and Hoffa may be forgiven for not listening at AFL conventions or reading the AFL constitution. These have not before been institutions with much relevance. Their sudden new life was a significant fact about George Meany's power.

Even Dave Beck cannot doubt that the arrival of the CIO in Meany's house will make the new order even less profitable to oppose.

Reuther and McDonald

The stars began to move into this new orbit with the death of CIO President Philip Murray and AFL President William Green late in 1952. Murray's passing appeared to promise chaos for the CIO, and a contrasting continuance of time-worn habit for the AFL. The end product was something quite different.

In twelve years as CIO president, Murray had developed a position of absolute control. The union's smallest decisions were his to make. His lieutenants were bound together by their common allegiance to him. Upon his death, their quarrels came to the surface most conspicuously in the rancorous distaste that McDonald, as Murray's successor in the Steelworkers, began openly to display for Reuther.

Reuther was elected president of the CIO in December, 1952; he had the support of all its major unions except the Steelworkers. Reuther's election was a recognition of his dazzling national reputation, his manifold talents, and the enormous weight of the auto union, but there was no disposition among even his supporters to transfer Murray's entire sovereignty to Reuther. If that disposition had existed, McDonald's attitude would have made it impossible. Through the first year of Reuther's administration, McDonald made it clear by various postures and public affronts that he did not propose to offer the ceremony of

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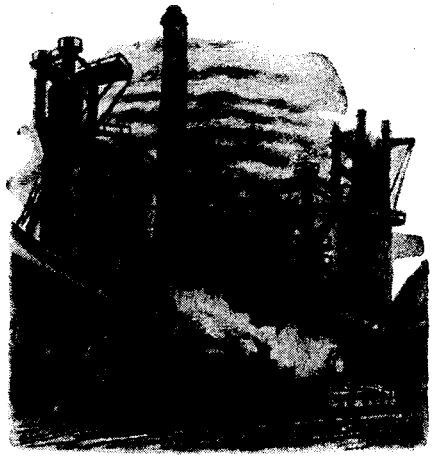
allegiance or even the form of fraternity to the CIO's new president.

And so Reuther's tenure has never been free from loud offstage indications that McDonald would pull his Steelworkers out of the CIO and leave it collapsed behind him.

THE MAJOR rhetorical profit from this uncertain period accrued to John L. Lewis, whose delight in mischief has survived his capacity for, and interest in, solid destruction. Lewis invited McDonald, as Reuther's great enemy, and Beck, as Meany's most powerful rival, to a series of luncheons heavy with false portent of a new alignment of Teamsters, Steelworkers, and Miners.



It was a gathering of dreamers, a first-class one in Lewis and two second-raters in Beck and McDonald. As might be expected, little came of it. McDonald had once been Murray's secretary, and Beck has always sought the company of the great. Even though Lewis's own principality had constricted to dimensions much smaller than their own, McDonald and Beck acted like visitors to a shrine. Both, it appeared, would have liked to grow up to be John L. Lewis.

However, little history is made by men entangled in their own fantasies. Lewis himself is the only colossus in labor who ever moved others while he was deceiving himself. He led the CIO through prodigies for his three great years in the 1930's. Then, as it slowed down, he turned around to find that his armies had fallen back and he was alone.

The disaster that befalls a commander who waves his troops to heights they have no desire to capture is never likely to strike either Walter Reuther or George Meany. Meany may dream of an AFL broad in vision and free of taint, but he will live with much of what he has. Walter Reuther may once have thought that the existence of the Ford Motor Company and General Motors as private institutions was incompatible with his farthest hopes. Yet he lives and fights with these institutions year after year; it is a war in which the combatants have learned each other's strength and each other's right to respect, and it is unlikely to end in Reuther's lifetime in the unconditional surrender of either party in conflict. In Detroit it ended this year in general agreement that both sides had won.

It appears to be the problem of McDonald and Beck that neither can reconcile his image of himself with the reality of his position. The rules of labor leadership are broad enough to cover many kinds of men, but they are not kind to those careless of their own homes and unconscious of the character of their rivals.

McDonald and Beck, in their negative function of pushing Meany and Reuther together, are the main architects of labor's new order, but the fruits of that order cannot have brought either much satisfaction. Ever since Reuther became president of the CIO, McDonald, in intervals between flirtations with Lewis, has been demanding a return to the AFL. His public posture in recent years has made irresistible a notion that his advocacy of merger was inspired by the prospect that he and Reuther would become equals.

It is never wise to confuse your opponent's little weaknesses with your own. Pride in status is not one of Reuther's weaknesses, and the idea of stepping down as president of the CIO and taking his chances in the AFL was plainly less offensive to Reuther's pride than it might have been to McDonald in the same situation.

These two are most different in what is important to them. Reuther's prime interest is in the auto workers because they, and not his public reputation, are the main source of his strength. Whatever the visions of his rhetoric, he is at bottom a labor representative of the most old-fashioned sort.

Around Reuther there has grown up a cluster of myths to which he himself is too wise to pay much attention. Another set of myths has grown up around McDonald, who is unfortunate enough to be their truest believer. They are summarized in the title of his official biography, *Man of Steel*. Men sometimes show themselves best in their choice of associates; Reuther seems most comfortable with Auto Union technicians, Meany with AFL business agents of the more respectable sort, Beck with deputy high Elks and parvenu millionaires like himself, and McDonald with junior executives. There is something Madison Avenue about McDonald; he and Beck share an illusion about the magic of public relations and the outward manifestation of interior tumult.

Last winter, McDonald selected a childhood friend for the vice-presidency of his union. To his own surprise, a minority of his normally submissive executive board turned on him and nominated an opponent. The resultant clamor, win or

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THE SIEGFRIED LINE

ERIC SEVAREID

LIKE the battle between the sexes, the battle between European and American intellectuals has a beginning lost in the shrouds of the past and a resolution lost in the mists of the future. This continuing argument on the qualities of our respective civilizations is always with us, a handy fact for any commentator who finds himself somewhat bored with politics.

The latest round has been opened by a new book from André Siegfried, a distinguished Frenchman who has always liked this country and still does, but who sounds again the standard European complaint that American life is standardized. We all dress, walk, stand alike, he says; our trains, hotels, and cooking are everywhere and always the same. Well, I don't know what particular circuit it is on which Mr. Siegfried books himself during his American swings, but it is this particular criticism that has always reduced this particular pundit to a state of stuttering incoherence. I wouldn't go so far as to argue that America and Americans are more various than Europe and Europeans taken as a whole. After all, we are one country and one people and they are a score of countries and peoples. But if we are to take this country versus any single European country, then I am prepared for battle in the serene certainty of victory, believing that God is on the side of the biggest battalion of facts.

I AM willing to grant that it's getting pretty hard to walk into an American hotel and not find a quizzical portrait of Mr. Conrad Hilton observing your every move, but that's as far as I'll go. (Incidentally, Mr. Hilton has probably gone far enough, too.)

Let's take breakfasts. What is there in common between a tea and kippers breakfast in Boston and wheatcakes and steak in a Wyoming cattle town — except maybe the appetite? And what is breakfast in Mr. Siegfried's France? *Croissants* and milky coffee in big city and village, from one end of France to the other.

Take clothes. Since when did a homburg in Wall Street bear the slightest resemblance to a cream-colored Stetson in Dallas? A Midwest business man will wear hand-painted ties that his New England opposite number wouldn't be buried in. Where in Europe do you see the variety in sports clothes, including, alas, the Bermuda shorts, that you see over here? Walk in any Paris office or bank and what are the men wearing? Black, plain rusty black, in utter and complete standardization. And if American women's clothing is so standardized, why is it any American woman would rather die than run into another woman who wears the same dress?

WHAT IS SO varied about the trains of France? And if Mr. Siegfried thinks ours are all alike, let him make a quick switch sometime from the Super Chief to the Pennsylvania's commuter wagons between Philadelphia and New York, if he can stand the shock. France has its different accents, but nothing like the vast variety of speech from Brooklyn to the Mexican border.

What European country has the variety of religions that we encompass? Which shows the natural panorama of mountain and desert and prairie and flowered vale that America shows? Which the man-made panorama of skyscraper and bungalow and squatter's cabin? If our new, outspreading suburbs look alike, what of the suburbs of Paris, with their neat red-tile and plaster homes, mile after identical mile?

AS AN OLD ADMIRER of Professor Siegfried, I hate to get personal, but it does seem to me that standardization, like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder. I have a notion that the eye of his mind could use a new pair of glasses. We make quite a variety of spectacles over here, if he'll take the trouble to shop around a bit.

(From a broadcast over CBS Radio)

lose, has to be a shrinkage of prestige; and he must live with the prospect of future rebellions. It would be hard to imagine Walter Reuther not checking his own back door.

Who Drives the Teamsters?

On his side, Beck has come far from the flourish of trumpets that announced his election as president of the Teamsters four years ago. The assumption then was that he represented the face of the labor leader of the future, who would be a kind of manpower manager.

Beck's favorite infinitive was "to perfect" and his favorite literature the biographies of successful men of affairs. He sounded much prouder of being the second most important Elk in America than of being president of the Teamsters. He urged Teamsters business agents to seek admission to the nearest Chamber of Commerce. All this was habitually described as Beck's sense of reality, as though the index of any biography of a successful man of affairs ever contained the smallest reference to either the Elks or the Chamber of Commerce.

Beck's rationalization program for the Teamsters involved an elaborate structure of special commissions and advisory boards. It has wrought the minimum of miracles. And while Beck studies his table of organization, he appears to have lost his command. The Teamsters remain an inchoate mass disdainful of its center, and national control appears to have passed to James A. Hoffa, who is technically Beck's first lieutenant and seems in fact to be his master.

Beck came to office smelling of virtue and threatening to purge all evildoers; he ended by accepting, under Hoffa's pressure, the unregenerate old longshoremen's union, which he himself helped drum out of the AFL for un-Elk activities. Only George Meany saved, if not Beck's honor, at least its tatters.

SO LONG as Beck and McDonald retain title to two of the only three unions in America with more than a million members, they cannot be entirely inconsequential. But they are hardly big enough to affect in any great degree the course of a labor movement represented by Meany and Reuther.

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Coming of Middle Age

Labor has a better press than it ever had in the 1930's, yet the largest headlines it has made over the last two years have involved not strikes but scandals. In the last year, the Department of Justice has obtained more than fifty indictments against labor leaders for racketeering. Public agencies have investigated union corruption in welfare funds, with generally distressing results. But on their plateau, with little to move their hopes and fears, the honest majority of union officials has grown tired, less militant, more moderate. At the same time, the dishonest minority has become hungrier and more rapacious and more aggressive.

The direction of the new federation will be in the hands of the moderates; the blinding prospects of its rhetoric are unlikely to materialize because their achievement would mean a risk of that capital which the unions have acquired over the last twenty years and which they have found worth preserving for itself.

A coalition of men who are not adventurers is unlikely to perform dazzling adventures. In the guaranteed annual wage, Reuther demanded a revolution; he has rejected the choice of a long and dangerous strike and accepted very much less. He had too much to lose by adventure. The AFL-CIO merger is, in the same way, no creature of dreams; it began with the acceptance of reality.

The reality in both cases is that the unions are powerful but exist in a social system that seems fixed and stable, in which they themselves are a fixed and stable part. The AFL-CIO merger and the Detroit peace terms prove that as almost everywhere else here the moderates have taken over. The most historic fact about this historic year is that labor has come of middle age.

The 'Real' Americans Hold a Convention

HALE CHAMPION

WHAT Westbrook Pegler calls "my cell of the American resistance movement" held an aboveground meeting in San Francisco some weeks ago. The gathering, known as the Congress of Freedom and dedicated to "getting the U.S. out of the U.N. and throwing the U.N. out of the U.S.," was not enormously significant, but it had its moments.

There was, for instance, the following conversation in a small "symposium" studying the dangers posed to U.S. sovereignty by the International Labor Organization of the United Nations.

"I know this isn't directly on the subject matter," apologized the ever-courteous Merwin K. Hart. "But have you noticed that President Eisenhower isn't looking well lately? The change for the worse in the last three months has been quite remarkable."

His half-dozen fellow students of internationalist one-world treachery, most of them disturbed ladies of advancing age, were finding the technical going a little hard anyway, and seemed to welcome the diversion with open-mouthed gratitude.

"I've always understood he was physically the weakest in that family," noted one.

"I was told he has diabetes," declared a second.

This news galvanized a third woman. Her soft, sweet smile twitched once and was gone.

"Did you know that Washington, D.C., has fluoridated water?" she asked excitedly. "Did you? And that fluoridation is bad for diabetes?"

This more-than-coincidence so impressed the assemblage that it turned briefly to a general discussion of the evils attendant on fluoridation ("Mass medication is the first step by the Communists . . ."). Once again, however, there was an interruption.

"I'm not so sure that's the President's trouble," said a woman who had been sitting pensively for the last ninety seconds. "It may be his conscience."

The conversation was now back on the Hart spur track, and the group began to discuss the most desirable alternatives to the disappointing Eisenhower. Hart himself expressed no preference as between Governor J. Bracken Lee of Utah, a man courageous enough to call for repeal of the Federal income tax, and Senator William F. Knowland, a leader with the fortitude to suggest that we might get out of the United Nations unless it does as we say. "Both very good men," he told the ladies.

There was a McCarthy murmur from one member of the group, but that was quickly squelched. As one of the anti-fluoridation spokesmen observed, "McCarthy has done very good anti-Communist work, but he has a funny voting record. He's voted for some pretty socialist bills —farm subsidies and things like that."

'CommUNism'

All this is not to say that the United Nations ("U.N. is just two letters in the word CommUNism") failed to get proper attention from the anxious delegates, both in such panel sessions and in the fiery evening speeches of the six-day meeting.

Robert T. LeFevre, the white-haired charmer who was executive director of the Congress (but is perhaps better known as the expurgator of "collectivism" and "internationalism" from the Girl Scout Handbook) drew a roar of approbation when he assailed the United Nations as "an incredible monster that must be knocked in the head."

George S. Montgomery, Jr., a New York corporation lawyer who was the keynote speaker, reviewed the now-familiar series of Executive

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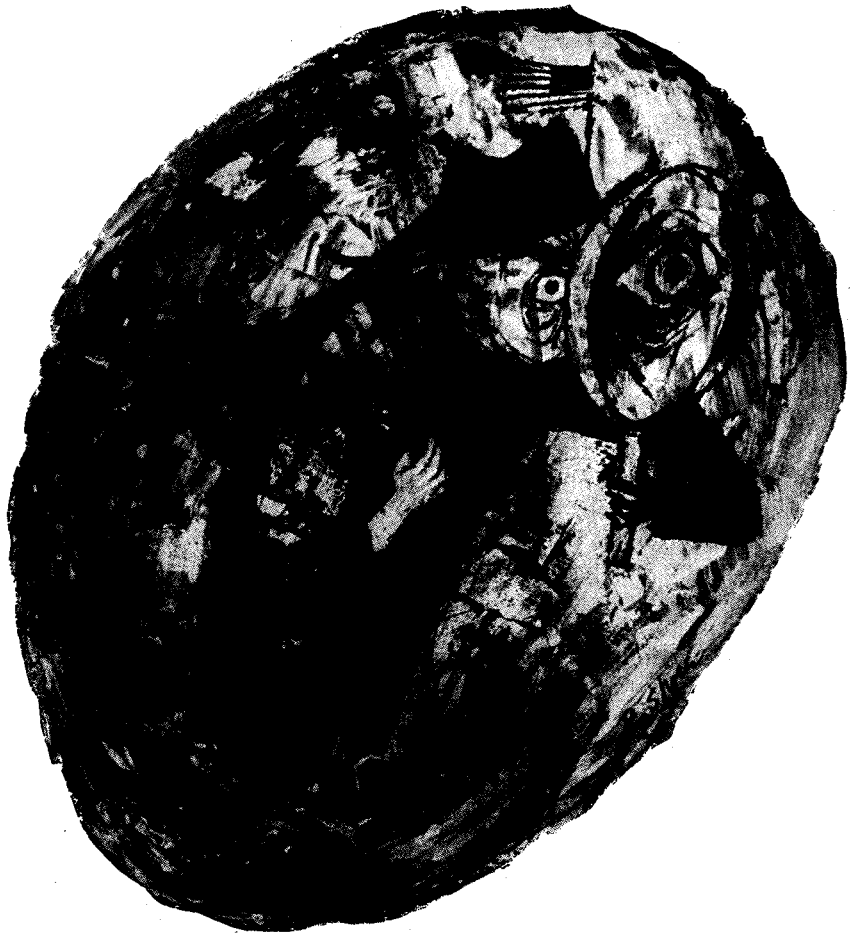

agreements, Supreme Court opinions, and proposed U.N. covenants and conventions on which those who support the Bricker amendment rest their contention that the treatymaking power is being used both in and out of the U.N. to subvert our Constitution. High on the list of villains in the review were Supreme Court Justices Oliver Wendell Holmes and Felix Frankfurter and Presidents Roosevelt, Truman, and Eisenhower. "Americans have turned their backs on their neighbors and their flag!" Montgomery cried. "The whole world is wallowing in moral disintegration."

Westbrook Pegler told how he had watched "that old meathead Stettinius" participate in the writing of the U.N. Charter, how baffled he was by what was going on, and how clear it all became when he learned later that "only Alger Hiss and his chums" knew what was really going on. "It was a trick backfield," complained the aggrieved Pegler. "I never did see the ball."

Freda Utley, ex-Communist and old China hand, decided that the United Nations, having been founded on principles with which she disagrees, was "conceived in sin."

Leora Baxter, a black-garbed former schoolteacher from Pasadena who blazes study trails for California's socially select Pro America chapters, was upset because the United Nations encourages the presence of "foreigners on our soil."

Suzanne Silvercruys Stevenson, the Belgian-born founder of the Minute Women of the USA, Inc., came from Connecticut to tell the Congress that the United Nations grew from "the poisonous conspiracy of Alger Hiss, Molotov, and Harry Dexter White."

Joseph Zack Kornfeder, an ex-Communist expert witness, carefully explained how the Communists conceived the United Nations as an instrument of conquest, captured its machinery, and are busy using it to achieve world domination.

More Unmarried Pregnancies

The United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization and other special agencies of the U.N. came in for comment too. C. O. Garshwiler, operator of the Educational News Service in the Los Angeles area (which has a high concentration of pioneers in anti-UNESCO work), had been informed that one UNESCO-influenced textbook on family life increased the unmarried-pregnancy rate in a moderate-sized California town by eighty per cent, and he has seen for himself that the first word in another textbook's index was "abortion." After listening to a shocked story from a northern California delegate about a seventeen-year-old girl who was being permitted to attend "an interracial summer camp," he could only conclude that "the parents must have been brainwashed."

"If they don't belong to the Communist Party, they're cheating the C.P. out of dues," he added cheerfully. Garshwiler was also an effervescent quizmaster, asking "the good ladies" whether they had heard this scandalous passage or detected the treasonous content in that one. As often as not they had.

Florence Fowler Lyons of the Los Angeles school system took a larger view of UNESCO's influence as "a glorified and perfected Institute of Pacific Relations," or, a moment later, as the U.N. "Espionage, Sabotage and Corruptive Organization," which is about "to deliver the United States into the icy, godless, ruthless arms of Communism." She demanded, and the Congress later endorsed her demand unanimously, that the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee begin an investigation of UNESCO and its American sponsors forthwith. She got the greatest single ovation of the Congress.

The Brainwashing Theme

As indicated by the discussion of President Eisenhower's alleged disabilities, so small a topic as the United Nations, its agencies and sins, could not continually absorb all the animosities of those who made up the Congress.

Surprisingly, Dean Acheson and the twenty years of Democratic Administration proved less satisfactory than Eisenhower, Dulles, *et al.* At one point Myron Fagan, head of Hollywood's Cinema Educational League and a follower of Gerald L. K. Smith, called for the President's

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impeachment. And Hart, after denouncing the Democratic holdovers in the Republican Administration, called Ike "the biggest holdover of them all."

There were yet other matters that roused the delegates to "country-saving." Mrs. Mary D. Cain, buxom lady candidate for Governor of Mississippi and national chairman of her own organization, Individuals for Liberty, was aghast at the school-desegregation decision of "that smart aleck Supreme Court." "If they come at us again, we might have to get out the old firearms," she told her fellow delegates in a sweet voice, smiling warmly at them. Her other favorite target was the Sixteenth (income-tax) Amendment. This "legalized thievery" will be the principal topic of the Congress to be held next year in Dallas.

A panel discussion of the U.N. Convention on genocide somehow turned to the threat of mental-health-clinic legislation being pushed in California and elsewhere by people concerned about mounting mental-illness figures. This provoked several repetitions of the word "brainwash," a favorite in the vocabulary of almost every vocal delegate. An elderly cane-thumping gentleman with a generous white goatee averred that "psychiatry is basically a denial of God." He expressed fear that under pending mental-health legislation in California, a number of his fellow delegates might be subject to arbitrary commitment. "They will knock on your door and say, 'Citizen, you are charged with being an American,'" he warned. "Then they will haul you away to the booby hatch."

Other frequent topics were the perfidy of clergymen who support the United Nations despite the omission of prayer at its founding; the duplicity of press, radio, and television ("The New York *Times* prints more flattering pictures of Chou En-lai than of Senator McCarthy"); the fraud of Social Security; the failure to unleash the avenging forces of Syngman Rhee and Chiang Kai-shek; and the betrayal of the American fliers in Red Chinese prisons. Captain Eugene Guild, president of the Fighting Homefolks of Fighting Men of Glenwood Springs, Colorado, demanded that the U.S. go to war if necessary to secure their immediate release.

The Emergence of LeFevre

To bring together this collection of some of the nation's most vociferous crusaders and to keep them busy and relatively happy for most of six days was not easy, but it was done. Most of the credit belongs to executive director Robert T. LeFevre, a comparative unknown.

LeFevre has won powerful backing. As vice-president of Merwin K.

Hart's National Economic Council, he presumably can tap the cash of those who have kept Hart so prosperously employed as a propagandist and lobbyist for decades. And although some other influential figures sent wires of regret instead of appearing, many gave their names to LeFevre for use on his National Advisory Committee list. Among the noteworthy names appearing there are those of Spruille Braden, former ambassador, and critic of the State Department from within; Mrs. Craig Carrier, president of the National Association of Pro America; Harry H. Hoiles of the Hoiles newspaper-chain family that employs LeFevre as an editorial writer on its Colorado Springs *Gazette Telegraph;* Herbert U. Nelson, secretary of the American Real Property Federation and the leader of the potent real-estate lobby in Washington; John Francis Neylan, San Francisco attorney; Lieutenant General A. C. Wedemeyer, retired from military service; Johnston M. Hart, public-relations director of the Sun Shipbuilding Company of Chester, Pennsylvania; and Colonel Alvin Owsley of Dallas, former national commander of the American Legion. Congratulatory wires also arrived at the Congress from Clarence Manion, former Dean of the Notre Dame University Law School and member of the Eisenhower team who got dropped; Dan Smoot, voice of H. L. Hunt's Facts Forum; Colonel Archibald Roosevelt; Brigadier General Bonner Fellers of For America; Admiral William Standley; and others.

THEIR CONFIDENCE in LeFevre-managed ventures has some justification. Not only did he succeed in forcing Girl Scout officials to make forty textual changes in their handbook last year; he also effectively pressed his campaign against "one worlders" on another front at roughly the same time. As executive director of the U.S. Day Committee, LeFevre put together the letter-writing and pressure-bringing effort that persuaded a number of governors and mayors to ignore the usual proclamation of U.N. Day and to declare a U.S. Day instead.

LeFevre's aptitude was nicely demonstrated on the final day of the Congress when a stream of resolutions poured in from the panels for consideration by the assembled delegates. They were far fewer than one would have expected. LeFevre had begun by claiming the Congress represented more than five hundred organizations. But when the voting delegates had been separated from the observers, there were fewer than ninety accredited voters, a heavy concentration of them from just a few organizations.

Most of the resolutions, treated as noncontroversial, were passed with casual unanimity. A sample was that asking that the American people observe Memorial Day as a "Day of Shame" for the failure of the United Nations and the Administration to secure the freedom of the Americans imprisoned in China. All the delegates were equally willing to urge that Americans observe the day by wearing black badges, flying flags at half staff, and sending postcards to the United Nations and the White

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House on which the word "shame" should be written.

Buddhists and Others

However, a few people threw sand in the gears. Dr. V. Orval Watts, with only four or five supporters, twice attempted to change the language of resolutions to remove words and phrases which he said would offend non-Christians, pleading that the Congress not go on record as "just one segment of the religious movement in America." Watts said that in his long history of fighting the socialist and Communist planners, he had learned the need to get support from "many who are not Christians but Jews, for example." Delegates booed him, the man in the chair tried to cut him off, and indignant speakers popped up all over the auditorium.

"The real American movement consists chiefly of Christians," declared Dr. A. G. Blazey, a Washington, Indiana, physician.

"This Christian gathering should not deny Christ by supporting Watts," said Mrs. Frank Cunningham of Santa Monica, but should join in the "fight against Antichrist."

Watts had also used the example of the Buddhists in one argument, to which a fellow delegate retorted, "Let the Buddhists make their own resolutions!" Some of the other remarks were considerably less polite, and Watts, restrained but pale with anger, began to assail "the spirit of the Congress."

LeFevre acted swiftly and skillfully to avert disaster. First by hand and voice signals to the chairman, then by brief and adroitly phrased little speeches, he got control. He eased the situation for the tiny Watts minority by praising the profundity of their motives.

That done, and Watts and friends apparently mollified, LeFevre assumed the floor leadership of the majority, declaring that despite his great humility before Watts's scholarship, his own ultimate simplicity of approach led him to join with those who wanted to emphasize the importance of the Christian religion in making the United States the greatest country in the world today. The Watts motions were shouted down, and LeFevre and Christian nationalism triumphed.

A Word of Caution To Tort-Feasors

ROBERT WALLACE

THE AVERAGE MAN may be excused for supposing that a tort is either a confection or a woman who stands around under a street light. To the extent that a tort can make him exceedingly ill or deprive him of his savings in a flickering instant, there is some resemblance. But there is a great deal more. A tort is a civil wrong, an injury of one sort or another inflicted by man upon his fellow man. Torts are committed in great variety and enormous number—nearly three-quarters of all the actions now being tried in our civil courts are tort cases, also called negligence suits or damage suits. Daily, the chance increases that you personally will become involved in a tort suit.

The nub of the law of torts is simple enough: You hurt somebody; he sues you. The hurt can be unintentional, as most are, or intentional. If you deliberately injure someone, you may be tried in criminal court for felonious assault and in civil court for the tort. Torts may involve injuries to the body, but they may also encompass hurts to the mind, the feelings, or the nervous system caused by threats, libel, slander, or invasion of privacy. You can cause a tort by striking someone with very nearly anything, from a malicious look to a neutron or the *Queen Elizabeth*, or by arranging matters negligently—perhaps by leaving a marble on a stair landing—so that someone injures himself.

In the past century, society has become so complex, so full of deadly contrivances, and so closely knit that it is impossible for a person to live and move about without the risk of hurting someone or being hurt. Accidents that were inconceivable in the 1850's are commonplace today; every technological advance brings new varieties of injury; discoveries in neurology and psychiatry reveal vistas of injury never dreamed of by lawyers fifty years ago.

Even by taking the utmost precautions you cannot eliminate the possibility of being sued. While you are at home attempting to make the place safe for visitors by insulating the wires, shoring up the rickety stairs, putting nonskid pads under the rugs, you have agents—a wife, children, dogs—who are out getting into lawsuits on your behalf. Not long ago in Maryland a mild, pleasant little boy got his parents into three lawsuits in three weeks.

Putting the Bite On

Dogs can do even better. Friendly, harmless dogs often bite people, usually people who look like Whistler's mother. In New York City alone each year about twenty thousand persons require medical attention because of dog bites.

Some bites cost as much as fifteen thousand dollars. A few years ago two dog-bite verdicts of twenty thousand dollars each were returned in New York within a twelvemonth.

INTENT to cause harm has nothing to do with most torts, as a vigorous gentleman in New York discovered some time ago. He reached out to shake the hand of a man to whom he was being introduced, and "did violently seize and squeeze with such force that the third phalanx of plaintiff's right hand was broken."

To minimize the risk of sudden financial ruin, all you can do is exercise great care, take out a good comprehensive liability-insurance policy, and trust that you do not lose a lawsuit for more than the face value of the policy. If you do, try to make friends with the sheriff, who may let you keep a few odds and ends when he auctions off your house. While you are waiting for the summons, you may be interested in a few representative varieties of torts. Some will be of small concern to you, others important.

The tort of invasion of privacy,

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tor example, is of concern primarily to publishers but has interesting aspects for the layman nonetheless. Ordinarily, a man has the right to be left alone. If the intimate details of his life are publicized without his permission in a newspaper, magazine, or movie, or on a radio or television show, he can sue in most states.

A classic example of invasion was a movie, "The Red Kimono," that Hollywood produced a generation ago. A California prostitute who had once been tried for murder and acquitted underwent a moral reformation. She married, then quietly assumed a respectable place in society and made many friends who had no idea whatever of her past. Then suddenly, without even bothering to change her maiden name, let alone obtain her consent, the defendants produced "Kimono," a biographical film that caused her great humiliation. The defendants had to pay her a large sum.

YOU CAN invade someone's privacy quite unintentionally and not have the remotest idea that you have done so until you are hit with a lawsuit. A remarkable example of this occurred in Hollywood in the 1940's, when a publicity man at the Hal Roach Studios conceived a new way of promoting the *Topper* series, in which a young couple named Kerby are supposedly dead but can wander about visibly or invisibly as ghosts. The studio hired a number of girls, bought some pink-scented stationery, and had the girls write letters to perhaps a thousand men in the Los Angeles area. "Dearest," said the letters, "Don't breathe it to a soul, but I am back in Los Angeles and more curious than ever to see you. Remember how I cut up about a year ago? Well, I am raring to go—and believe me I am in the mood for fun. Let's renew our acquaintanceship and I promise you an evening you won't forget. Meet me in front of Warner's downtown theater at 7th and Hill on Thursday. Just look for a girl with a gleam in her eye, a smile on her lips, and mischief on her mind! Fondly. Your ectoplasmic playmate, Marion Kerby." Unfortunately there was a living woman in Los Angeles named Marion Kerby. She sued. A judge held that the letters did refer to her in a clear and definite fashion, and that her privacy had been no less invaded because the invader hadn't meant to do it.

THERE ARE limitations on the right of privacy. If there were none, newspapers and magazines could scarcely exist. The right is considered to be waived by those who seek publicity. A few years ago, during one of the TV programs in his "You Bet Your Life" series, Groucho Marx happened to recall an ex-prize-fighter who had appeared in the ring as "Canvasback Cohen," who had quit fighting in 1939 and been forgotten by nearly everyone except Groucho, who thought the name might be good for a laugh. "I once managed a prize-fighter, Canvasback Cohen,"

Marx said to one of his guests. "I brought him out here, he got knocked out, and I made him walk back to Cleveland." In due time, word of what Marx had said got around to Canvasback, who sued. The court held that he could not collect, having intentionally placed himself in the public eye during his boxing career.

Roaches in the Salami

You can create a tort by selling or giving a man a product or a service that is faulty and injures him. Products-liability cases constitute only about ten per cent of all tort actions, but they are still plentiful and fascinating. Manufacturers or processors of potentially dangerous articles, from chemicals to mechanisms to foodstuffs, are constantly being harpooned by citizens who have found a roach in the salami or gunpowder in the after-dinner cigar.

Consumers in one large metropolitan area a couple of years ago filed 1,700 complaints within twelve months against a single dairy company, saying that they had found glass, dirt, pellets of solder, tacks, matchsticks, wire, wood, soap, kerosene, rust, hairpins, tinfoil, and a lead soldier in their milk—all this despite truly stringent precautions on the part of the company. Such complaints are usually accompanied by suits alleging countless consequences, including botulism, lead poisoning, undulant fever, indigestion, stomach inflammation, diarrhea, nausea, vomiting and cramps, lacerations of the tongue, mouth, gums, and intestinal tract, broken teeth or dental plates, mouth burns, depleted vitality, impairment of general health, fever, pain, nervous shock, mental anguish, humiliation, aggravation of existing diseases, and loss of work time and wages.

Bottling companies are notably vulnerable—bottles of carbonated beverages do sometimes explode in the hands of consumers, sending fragments of glass whizzing about like shrapnel, and there is no limit to the loathsome objects that are mistakenly bottled from time to time.

A California lawyer took on a large bottling company in a noteworthy case a few years ago, on behalf of a female plaintiff who alleged that she had suffered a bad case of the heaves upon discovering, when she had nearly finished a bottle of soft drink, a dead mouse in the bottom. What made the case noteworthy was the fact that the plaintiff was pregnant; upon observing the mouse she began to retch violently, and a week later her child was stillborn. The cause of the child's death was prolapsed, or strangulated, umbilical cord, which might—or certainly might not—have been caused by retching. Rather than hash out the matter in court and risk further unfavorable publicity, the bottler quietly settled for five thousand dollars before trial.

Malodor and Malpractice

Similar to the products-liability lawsuit, but not quite the same thing, is

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the breach-of-warranty suit. The owners of a store, in selling an article, imply that it is fit for the purpose for which it is sold. If it turns out to be unfit, the warranty is breached. In Boston a few years ago, for example, a woman went to a large department store and purchased an expensive dress to wear to a party. Midway in the party, which was held in a crowded, stuffy room, the woman began to notice a peculiar odor that seemed to follow her from place to place. She put her nostrils to the fabric of the dress and inhaled; plainly, the dress itself was impregnated with the odor. She left the party in great embarrassment, and later became so upset that her husband sent the dress to a laboratory to discover the source of the odor. Embalming fluid, said the laboratory. It developed that an undertaker had bought the garment from the store, dressed a corpse in it for a funeral, and then returned it, offering some plausible excuse. Although the store had acted innocently and knew nothing of the purpose for which the undertaker had used the dress, the woman collected from the store.

PROFESSIONALS, particularly in any branch of medicine, are vulnerable to tort suits if they make blunders while treating patients or handling clients' affairs. Since it is becoming increasingly common for doctors to be sued by their patients, medical men carry heavy insurance to protect themselves. However, malpractice suits are tricky and it often requires an exceedingly able lawyer to win them.

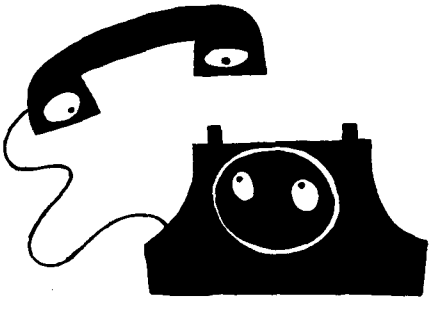
One of the most brilliant personal-injury men in the country, and perhaps the outstanding attorney in the medical-malpractice-suit field, is a forty-eight-year-old San Francisco lawyer named Melvin M. Belli. Some of his cases, indeed, are likely to become legal classics. One of them, tried in 1948, involved a fifty-five-year-old British woman who had gone to California to have a plastic surgeon change the contour of her nose. As she sat in his operating chair the surgeon glanced down and observed that obesity and gravity had been unkind to her, and offered to perform a breast operation that would make her look more or less like the girl in the White Rock advertisements. The operation turned out to be a wretched botch. She retained Mr. Belli, who clinched the case with a precedent-making move—he exhibited her to the jury stark naked from the waist up, and won a verdict of $115,000.

Slander and Libel

Defamation is a tort—within it fall both libel and slander, which are often coupled in usage but are by no means the same thing. The difference between the two, broadly, is that libel is written and slander spoken. Television and radio have created problems of distinction, but generally the extent of publication is the criterion; you can refer to a man as an unmentionable thus-and-such in a locked room, with no witness, and he can take no action, except physical, against you; if you call him a thus-and-such before a few witnesses, he may sue you for slander; if you do so on a nation-wide network or in a book or newspaper, he may sue you for libel.

In most civil libel and slander suits, truth is a good defense; you have an excellent chance of winning if you can prove what you say. But there is a deadlier category—criminal libel—in which even truth is not enough. Even though you may demonstrate the correctness of your statement, you may be forced to go to jail if you said it with the deliberate intent of causing harm.

Slander, the publicly spoken word, is ground for a suit in which you don't have to prove actual damage if



it falls within certain categories: if the slander says that the slanderee has committed a crime, or has a loathsome disease, or is guilty of conduct incompatible with the proper exercise of his business, profession, or public office, or is unchaste. The latter applies only to women. In the eyes of the law, men are not entitled to get quite so sore if they are called unchaste.

Sometimes, if a libel is vicious enough, a successful suit may be filed even though the area of publication is small. In California in 1952, for example, there occurred a case in which the area of publication consisted only of the wall of a men's room in a bar upon which someone had written something objectionable concerning the plaintiff, a woman. The woman's husband heard about it, telephoned the bartender, and told him to erase the statement within a half hour. When the bartender failed to do so, a successful suit was brought in the woman's case.

Mental Anguish

Torts such as defamation, invasion of privacy, malpractice, and product liability may involve some sort of impact, but ordinarily do not. In addition to these, there is a category of torts involving malice, threats, or feints but where, again, there is no impact. In 1949, for example, the government was sued and had to pay damages to a civilian woman who had been grievously injured but had not a mark to show for it. The woman's husband, at that time in the Army, had been involved in marital misconduct of some sort, and an Army sergeant, who was conducting an investigation into something entirely different, unreasonably and excessively questioned her about it to satisfy his own curiosity. She had a mental breakdown as a result, and collected $5,550.52.

Cruel practical jokes, even if only fright and shock are caused, are grounds for suit. Some years ago in Maryland, the A. & P. was sued by a woman who opened her bundle of groceries and found a neatly packaged dead rat, put there by one of the market's employees.

As long as there is some intention to cause fright, some sort of threat, suits are allowed. But if this intent is not demonstrable, American courts customarily throw the suits out. Otherwise there would be no end to actions for shock, mental suffering, and psychic damage. An important case that illustrates the principle was heard in Wisconsin in 1935. In that instance a mother, looking out a window watching her

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child cross the road, saw a negligent motorist run over and kill the child. The mother was so emotionally upset, suffered such terrific mental agony as a result of the shock, that she later died of it.

A suit was brought for the mother's suffering. The suit had nothing to do with the child's death, that having been taken care of in another action. The point at issue was simply whether or not the mother had been injured, and in what manner and with what intent. The court held that there was no legitimate ground for damages to be paid for her suffering and death because she had been in no personal danger herself. Further, said the court, if damages were allowed, the way might be opened for fraudulent claims, an unreasonable burden might be put upon users of the highways, and a trend that had no foreseeable or sensible stopping point might be begun. Whatever one may think of the particular ruling, it is the law.

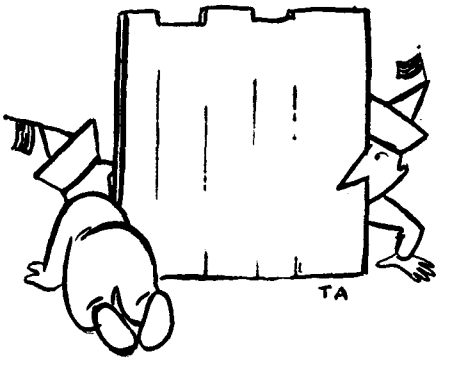
THERE ARE CASES in which plaintiffs may collect damages not for injuries to themselves but to someone else. In 1950 there occurred a celebrated action called *Hitaffer* v. *Argonne,* the very thought of which can turn the blood of an insurance executive to water. (In the majority of tort cases, insurance companies are the real defendants and pay the damages.) Here a plaintiff wife, totally uninjured and not involved in the accident in any way, sued her husband's employer for loss of consortium. Consortium in its general sense means companionship, especially that of marriage. This wife sued because she had been deprived of her husband's "aid, assistance and enjoyment, specifically, sexual relations."

The facts of the case were that the husband, in the course of his employment as a harbor worker, "suffered and sustained severe and permanent injuries to his body and in particular in and about the abdomen." In a separate action he was awarded compensation for these, and ordinarily the matter would have ended at that point. But a brilliant personal-injury lawyer brought suit against the employer on behalf of the wife, and the court received it favorably. Since then, other courts have followed the precedent and the trend may be growing.

When Is a Person?

Another vague but potentially rewarding area in which personal-injury lawyers are busily probing is that of prenatal injuries. In 1951 the New York Court of Appeals sustained the right of a child to collect damages for injuries suffered before birth. Similar decisions have been made in several other states, among them Ohio, California, Maryland, and Georgia.

The law now seems to be that unborn children injured while in the womb can file suit—or have suit filed in their behalf—after they are born. A child still unborn, although alive, may not sue. If the child is so injured as to be born dead, his parents may



not sue for any damages done him. However, in practice, suits are brought anyway, with all damages claimed to have been done solely to the mother.

Attractive Nuisances

The man who owns his house or his place of business may commit torts, usually involving impact, by carelessly maintaining the premises or by keeping an "attractive nuisance." An attractive nuisance can be almost any sort of situation or device which is likely to interest children, to cause them to come onto the property and be injured. There are, fortunately for landowners, some limitations—an ordinary pond or stream into which a child may venture and be drowned, for example, is not usually classified as an attractive nuisance. A famous case in American law was *United Zinc & Chemical Co.* v. *Britt,* in which two children, eight and eleven years old, were killed. The chemical company owned a tract of land near Iola, Kansas, where it had once maintained a plant for making sulphuric acid. Six years before the accident the company tore down the plant but left a large open cellar in which water, dangerously contaminated with sulphuric acid and zinc sulphate, collected. The water was blue, seemed clear and safe, and so the children went swimming in it, were poisoned, and died.

But even in this case the Supreme Court held that all the elements necessary for a recovery were not present. An attractive nuisance must actually attract children to the property, and not be discovered by them after they venture onto the property for some other reason. Here, it was held to be doubtful whether the children could have seen the pool from a nearby road, and thus their parents could not collect.

LANDOWNERS are under certain obligations to people who visit or cross their property—the obligations vary according to the status of the visitors. Trespassers have almost no rights. Landowners must exercise reasonable care in regard to them, and of course refrain from wantonly or willfully injuring them, but beyond that trespassers must take the property as they find it and cannot expect much consideration. The next category of visitors, above trespassers, is licensees. A licensee enters the property with the express or implied consent of the landowner, but has no special rights to consideration. Surprisingly, social guests fall into this group, as do people in some states who enter to look for employment, to use the private telephone, to visit employees of the landowner, or to inquire about vacancies. Even police and firemen are considered licensees. Landowners owe little more duty to licensees than to trespassers, although if the landowners know of hidden dangers which the licensees may not see, they must point them out.

An invitee is one who enters the property as a business visitor, one whose presence will convey some benefit to the landowner. Thus a friend may have an engraved invitation for cocktails and be merely a licensee, whereas a stranger who enters to put a penny in the bubblegum machine may be an invitee. Invitees must be treated with care,

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and if they are injured through any fault of the landowner or defect in the property they can sue.

The custom of filling the lobbies and corridors of office buildings with cigar stands, drugstores, public telephones, lavatories, and mailboxes can give rise to some interesting situations. For example, suppose you have entered the lobby of a building and have been hit by a chunk of plaster falling from the ceiling. If you entered the building merely for your own convenience—say to mail a letter—you have no grounds for suit. If you entered the building to convey economic benefit to someone—say to buy a package of gum at the cigar stand—you do have grounds for a suit. The law expects you to tell the truth. Surely you could not be so dishonest as to think, as you lie bleeding on the floor, well, maybe I *did* come here to buy a package of gum.

Drive—and Arrest—with Care

Still another tort, although an uncommon one, is that of false arrest. The primary tort-feasors here are not the police, who are as a rule extremely careful about whom they snatch, but store owners and store detectives. They are constantly on the watch for shoplifters, but sometimes they seize an innocent customer by mistake. When this happens, the innocent customer, who has been publicly humiliated and perhaps has suffered severe inconvenience through detention, can collect a hatful of money.

Of all torts, the most common are those that involve vehicular accidents. The personal-injury lawyer finds at least half of his business, perhaps more, in this field. Automobile-accident litigation gluts the American courts; in New York City the tort calendar is about three years behind schedule, and in other cities as much as eighteen months to two years, because of the number of automobile cases. Of all the ways in which man hurts his fellows, the commonest is a jolt with the right front fender. Jury verdicts of $150,000 or $200,000 are no longer remarkable in this field, and it is here that the average man, who now has at least some notion of what a tort may be, should exercise the greatest caution.

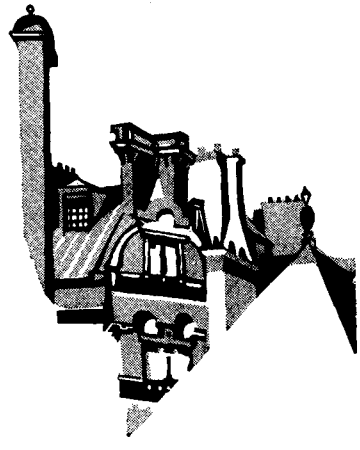
VIEWS & REVIEWS

Turn to the Right On the Left Bank

EDMOND TAYLOR

OUTWARDLY CHANGELESS but subtly different, summer has come back to St. Germain-des-Prés, the meandering seventeenth-century suburb encysted in the flank of modern Paris that is today the haunt and symbol of the world's most tormented intellectuals. Once again the swallows twitter in the shallow evening sky—as they have for these last ten-hundred-odd summers—around the timeworn belfry of the abbey founded by Childebert.

Built foursquare in the sturdy Norman-Romanesque style to rise



above hedgerows and human folly, the old cloud-gray tower of St. Germain-des-Prés has a country grace of its own. It is always agreeable in warm weather to sit across from it, sipping a cool drink on the open *terrasse* of the Deux Magots, where the velvet-collar fraction of the local literati rub elbows with the more sophisticated tourists and with visiting art patrons from bourgeois Passy. As usual at this season, the ice buckets are clinking busily at the Deux Magots. So are they, across the Boulevard, at the upstart Royal St. Germain and at the sedate old Brasserie Lipp, haunted by the ghost of Joyce and the beery enthusiasms of bygone literary rebellions, where today a crisp new generation of young French intellectuals with crew cuts and neatly polished shoes gesticulates over its beer mugs, dissecting some contemporary counterfeit or resurrecting some forgotten verity, perhaps the Druid cults of ancient Gaul, perhaps the Jacobin tradition of the Radical Socialist Party.

Opposite Lipp's at the Café de Flore—the birthplace, successively, of the nationalism of Royalist Charles Maurras and of Jean-Paul Sartre's dreary Existentialism—seasonal Existentialists from Omaha and Appenzell loll under the leafy plane trees and gape back at the busloads of conducted tourists vainly craning their necks for a glimpse of Sartre or of Simone de Beauvoir—neither of whom has probably set foot in the Flore since central heating came back about 1947. Around the corner in the short, narrow Rue St. Benoît, with its smoke-filled bars and cellar jazz clubs, you come at last upon what its denizens consider the "real" St. Germain-des-Prés—or rather upon its seedy remains.

Fading Bohemia

As France recovers from its national postwar neuroses, there is a good deal of evidence to suggest that St. Germain-des-Prés, which nurtured them, may be approaching the terminal phase of its life cycle as a new Bohemia. The symptoms of decay are increasingly apparent in this inchoate intellectual community with its ruling caste of revolutionary mandarins and its parasitical proletariat of frustrated jazz artists, juvenile de-

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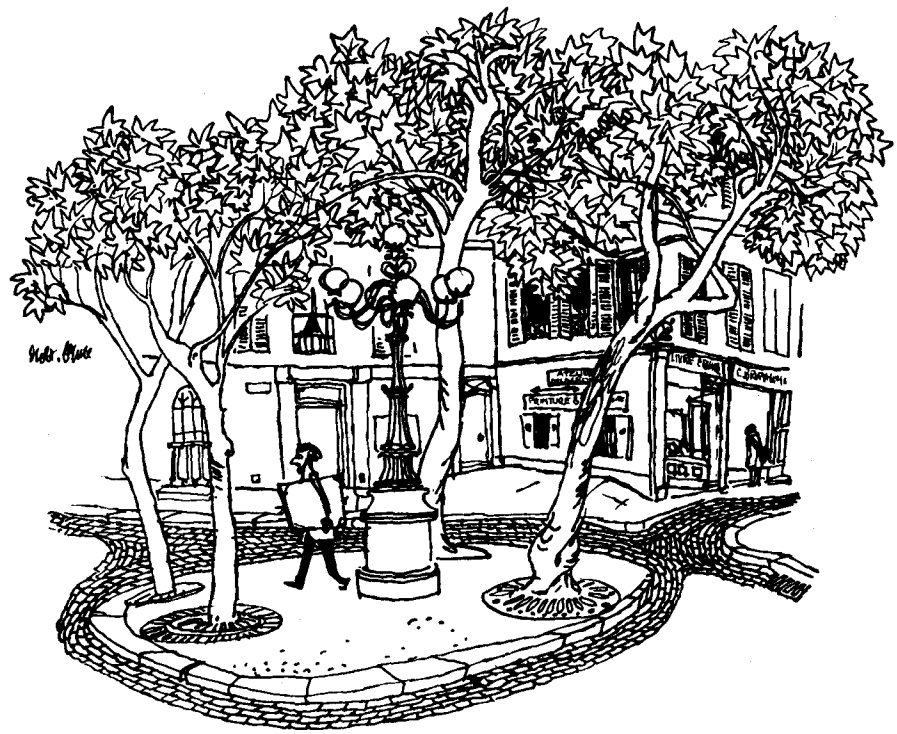
linquents, nostalgic trigger men of the wartime Resistance, prostitutes, pimps, press agents, and miscellaneous misfits from all over. Always a minority within a minority, the motley Left Bank clique, thanks in part to its links with the Resistance and to the intermittent sympathy of the Communists, managed to move into the Post-Liberation cultural vacuum ahead of its rivals and set up a near dictatorship of national taste and thought that is only now beginning to crumble. Above all, the characteristic St. Germain-des-Prés emulsion of self-righteous political utopianism, moral nihilism, pompous pornography, and institutionalized despair depicted in Mme. de Beauvoir's Prix Goncourt novel, *Les Mandarins*, seemed to hold over many years a morbid fascination for French youth.

You can still see the dying wave of this new lost generation loitering around the pseudo-Existentialist dives in the Rue St. Benoît, in the Rue Jacob, and in the tangle of narrow, winding alleys that once were cowpaths which run from the rear of the Abbey and the Place Furstenberg —that leafy little island of provincial calm—down toward the Seine. Many of the habitués continue to flaunt the weird vestments that were once the authentic uniform of their alienation: the famous turtleneck sweaters, the skin-tight black slacks for the girls, the ultra-narrow-cuff corduroy trousers in pastel shades for the boys, blue jeans for both—or all—sexes, the duffel coats in winter, and for warm-weather wear, the open-neck black shirt, redolent of anarchy, fascism, poets accursed, and laundry bills economized.



WHAT you may not notice—especially if you never saw St. Germain-des-Prés in its Roaring Forties —is that a good many of those turtleneck sweaters come from expensive Right Bank haberdashers and that not infrequently the slacks or blue jeans are the whimsical handiwork of smart couturiers. Their owners are mostly foreign tourist-intellectuals or gilded Right Bank youth disguised as Existentialists—the dude ranchers of damnation. Even when the garments are the real thing, the wearers never quite look like the homeless junior ideologues and the reefer-smoking, almost ritually unwashed jazz rats who used to drift around the quarter in tousle-headed packs like pariah dogs, scavenging for free cocktails and canapés, sometimes raiding across the river to crash the gate at debutante dances in Auteuil or Passy.

I remember one night a few years ago sitting in the Montana Bar—under the hotel of the same name, the old expatriates' home away from home in the Rue St. Benoît—talking with a doll-like blonde of seventeen who wore greasy overalls and an Ophelia-after-the-muskrats-got-at-her hairdo. A couple of years previously her parents or guardians in the American Middle West had sent her to an expensive finishing school in Paris. She had run away from it to live with a penniless surrealist photographer in St. Germain-des-Prés. They had a baby and the girl seemed blissfully happy, though she complained that it was a mild nuisance never having a room of their own.

"Where do you keep your baby?" I asked.

"Why, in the garage," she answered. "He sleeps on the front seats."

That was the real St. Germain-des-Prés.

The Rage for Domesticity

Today in a France that has nearly recovered its prewar social and cultural health, St. Germain-des-Près seems to be fast losing its unwholesome magic in the minds of youth. For one thing, most contemporary Left Bank youngsters of both sexes lack the leisure to indulge in any really serious cellar crawling. They are too busy doing the things that youth does everywhere: working, studying, courting, getting fresh air. The French boys and girls who still do play at being a lost generation know perfectly well that it is only a game. They will go home to Limoges or Rennes or St. Quentin, once they are sure papa means business, and settle down to becoming prudent notaries or conscientious housewives. Quite a few have already left.

A different, but equally significant, exodus from St. Germain-des-Prés has also been under way for the last year or so. One by one the star singers, the admired jazz players, the night-blooming poets, the great barflies without whom there can be no great night life, have been slipping away to bourgeois domesticity, to honest work, to commercial success on the Right Bank, where the Existentialist *Weltschmerz* is rapidly being Mimi Pinsonized for the tourist trade. Juliet Greco, the exotic beauty who helped launch the Tabou, the first and most famous of the St. Germain-des-Prés night clubs, now wails her famous "Barbara," a shade less maniacally, in the fashionable

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Right Bank Boeuf sur le Toit and orders her black slacks from Dior. Not long ago she startled her old friends by getting married, as did her former Tabou partner and inseparable friend Anne-Marie Cazalis—daughter of a Protestant pastor, prize-winning poetess, Existentialist torch singer, Titian-haired ex-Venus of the Left Bank cellar clubs—who now goes to Lanvin for her slacks. Les Frères Jacques, the St. Germain-des-Prés version of a barbershop quartet, have abandoned their Left Bank club, the Rose Rouge, and taken over the chic Théâtre des Champs-Elysées, where they serve up their "Elle Avait le Nombril en Forme de 5" and other gems of surrealist whimsy with Gay Nineties schmalz. Michel Mourre, the frenzied young habitué of the Tabou who a few years ago created a national scandal by attempting to invade Notre Dame in order to give his views—unfavorable—on Christ, has married a White Russian bathing beauty and gone into business.

Flight from Failure

The blight of normality is spreading inexorably even to the tight little mandarinate of aloof intellectuals, who, though they always sneered at the pseudo-Existentialist nonsense of the cellar clubs, nonetheless contributed to launching and perpetuating it. Both their private and their public lives have sobered down a great deal since the now distant era, celebrated in Mme. de Beauvoir's novel, when political revelation came from the East, while a girl—or at least a lady psychoanalyst—was most likely to find true love across the Atlantic in the shadow of the stockyards. A few weeks ago one of the younger veterans of that lurid age, novelist Jean Bloch-Michel, a friend and Resistance comrade of the great Albert Camus, published a feather-ruffling volume of essays, pointedly entitled *Le Journal du Désordre,* which among other heresies includes a sophisticated apologia for marriage and family life.

The fact is that there is a striking contrast between the mood of France today and that prevailing just after the Liberation. Even in St. Germain-des-Prés, outside of the staff of *France-Observateur,* "success" has ceased to be a fighting word for most French intellectuals. This is certainly a good thing for France and for the world, because a democratic society can hardly succeed collectively if its intellectuals make a personal cult of failure.

But perhaps it is not entirely a bad thing for any society if a few of its intellectuals remain so cantankerous that whatever their neighbors hold to be success they consider failure and vice versa. Maybe our ancestors were right in thinking that a little dissent is as inseparable from a free culture as a little speculation is inseparable from a free economy.

This is the kind of mellow reflection that is apt to come to one strolling around St. Germain-des-Prés on a warm summer evening, looking up at the picturesque old houses with their drafty garrets that have housed so many generations of thinkers, of artists, of searchers, who in their time have walked along these same picturesque winding streets, keeping, when they could, their lonely and unpredictable rendezvous with truth.

On Fogies And Figaro

ROLAND GELATT

NOTHING more surely identifies the operatic old fogy than his reverence for dead or retired singers and his concomitant, and equally intense, disdain for the younger singers who have usurped their places. Just now he is bewailing the low estate of contemporary tenordom: No one today, he asserts, can compare with Gigli and Martinelli in point of vocal splendor or artistic refinement.

He holds this view so tenaciously and convincingly as to make it all the more disconcerting when one discovers that his counterpart of twenty years ago was quite oblivious to the virtues of Gigli and Martinelli and longed only for the departed glories of Caruso. In Caruso's day, of course, the old fogy spoke wistfully of Jean de Reszke, just as in de Reszke's day he bemoaned the deterioration of singing since the retirement of Mario. The operatic old fogy, in short, has an appreciative ear only for the singing of twenty or more years ago. He need not, I should quickly add, be stooped and gray-haired. Strong attachments to singers usually bloom in adolescence or early adulthood, and since a singer's peak years seldom cover more than two decades, it is entirely possible to become a rabid specimen of this type by the age of thirty-five.

Such is the phenomenon. It can be explained in one of two ways. Either operatic singing has undergone an inexorable decline during the past hundred years, in which case its critics have chronicled fact; or the art of singing has maintained a fairly even level but has been traduced by commentators mistakenly insistent on judging the present by the standards of an enraptured adolescence. To which explanation should we subscribe? Has singing grown steadily worse? Or have its critics merely grown older?

Enchantment in Antiquity

A new album of records published by RCA Victor entitled "50 Years of Great Operatic Singing" (LCT 6701,

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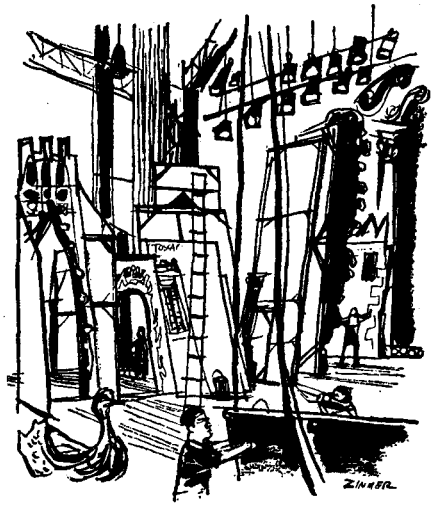
$29.95) helps provide the material for an answer. It consists of five LP discs—one to a decade—giving a representative sampling of operatic singing during the first half of this century as it was captured on Victor Red Seal Records. In this period, Victor and its associate in Europe—the Gramophone Company — managed to secure recordings from almost every singer of international



prominence (the de Reszke brothers and Lilli Lehmann are the major exceptions), and its archives of master records thus contain the elements from which to compile an audible history of operatic performance in the twentieth century.

Fifty-eight voices are heard on the five LPs. They range from Adelina Patti, who made her debut in New York's old Academy of Music in 1859, to Eleanor Steber, who made hers at the Metropolitan Opera House in 1940.

The task of choosing this compilation from the riches of Victor's archives was a formidable one, and it has been intelligently executed by Irving Kolodin, historian of the Metropolitan Opera and a record critic of long standing. Any anthologist, of course, must expect murmurs of discontent from those whose favorite selection has been omitted. To such complaints Mr. Kolodin will not be immune. In many cases, however, the aggrieved partisan of a particular recording will discover that the object of his delight has already been reissued in LP form. Such classics as Caruso's "Vesti la Giubba," McCormack's "Il Mio Tesoro," and Lotte Lehmann's "Marschallin's Monologue" found their way onto Victor reissues several years ago. In picking the contents of "50 Years of Great Operatic Singing," Kolodin could thus ignore these justly celebrated recordings in favor of less familiar but equally representative examples of a singer's art. The result is a stimulating and satisfying collection, made all the more valuable by Kolodin's perceptive annotations, which are bound into the album.

Since antiquity lends enchantment, most listeners will be attracted first of all to the record covering the decade 1900-1910. In many respects it verifies the high assay of the so-called Golden Age of opera. Francesco Tamagno's virile declamation of "Di Quella Pira"; Maurice Renaud's urbane, smooothly phrased "Vision Fugitive"; the finale to Act I of *La Bohème,* sung with the simplicity of great style by Melba and Caruso—all are touchstones of vocal excellence. On the other hand, Patti's breathless "Batti, Batti, O Bel Masetto" is neither accomplished vocalism nor good Mozart, while Emma Calvé's guttural "Habanera" from *Carmen* might almost do duty as a travesty of the ludicrous operatic diva. (Both singers, it should be pointed out, were past their prime when they sang before the recording horn.) Far better *Carmen* performances are to be heard on the next record, spanning 1910-1920: the Act I duet of Don José and Micaëla, sung by John McCormack and Lucy Isabelle Marsh, and the Act IV scene between Carmen and Escamillo in a dramatically flavorsome interpretation by Margaret Matzenauer and Pasquale Amato. Other nuggets from this decade include one of the finest and least well known of Caruso's 265 recordings, the aria "Ah! La Paterna Mano" from Verdi's *Macbeth,* as well as Claudia Muzio's incredibly lovely "Mi Chiamano Mimi," recorded in Milan when she was nineteen.

Yesterday and Day Before

In the sampling of 1920-1930 there is, among much else, a typically powerful, typically individual product of Chaliapin's, the finale of Massenet's *Don Quichotte;* an aristocratic, superbly controlled rendering by Tito Schipa of the serenade "Se il Mio Nome" from *Il Barbiere;* and what is perhaps the most exciting trio ever committed to records, the closing scene of *La Forza del Destino* sung by Rosa Ponselle, Giovanni Martinelli, and Ezio Pinza.

The next record, memorializing the 1930's, brings us Kirsten Flagstad's thrillingly poised "Ozean, du Ungeheuer" from Weber's *Oberon,* together with a fine example of Elisabeth Rethberg's cool, assured vocalism (in an excerpt from *A Masked Ball*) and a grippingly intense "Or Sai Chi l'Onore" (Donna Anna's big aria from *Don Giovanni*) sung by that underrated artist, Frida Leider.

The album ends with "only yesterday," the decade 1940-1950, and presents Helen Traubel, Licia Albanese, and Jussi Björling in some of their most persuasive moments.

Horn and Mike

Needless to say, the quality of recorded sound varies considerably from the beginning to the end of this anthology. Until the introduction of electrical recording thirty years ago, discs were engraved by a purely mechanical process: The singer would stand directly before a funnel-shaped recording horn, and the sound vibrations set up by the

vocal cords would themselves actuate a recording diaphragm and be transmitted to the grooves of the disc.

This method of recording allowed of no electronic niceties. What you hear from the disc is the real vocal McCoy. Though some singers (most notably Caruso) were able to project their musical personalities through the acoustic recording horn, others (most notably Emma Eames) unfortunately could produce only colorless, stilted records.

Beginning with the spring of 1925, microphones and electrical ampli-

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fiers were added to the recording process. They provided resonance and atmosphere, enormously improving the sound of an orchestra, but they also sometimes tempted engineers to endow a singer with more vocal power than nature had.

Whatever the attributes of the original recordings, they have been magnificently reproduced in this new album. RCA's engineers have filtered out the annoying scratch, eliminated fuzzy-sounding "blasts," and (where necessary) added just a bit of welcome resonance to a too-flat original. Caruso never sounded this good on an old Victrola.

'Small Grounds'

After listening to the five LPs in sequence—a taxing but enormously stimulating five-hour job—one finds small grounds to support the theory of steadily declining vocal standards. As the title of the album indicates, great operatic singing can be found in any decade. This is not to deny that there were inimitable artists of the past whose glories remain *sui generis*. There is not now, nor perhaps ever will be, a tenor capable of rendering "Donna Non Vidi Mai" with quite the passionate warmth of Caruso. On the other hand, a singer of our own day, Maria Callas, tosses off the mercurial "Qui la Voce" from Bellini's *I Puritani* with a brilliance and meaningfulness far surpassing, to my taste, the 1914 recording of this aria by Frieda Hempel chosen by Kolodin. The point seems obvious. There are great singers in every generation, and only the ear encrusted with prejudice can refuse to acknowledge them.

But please note that at the beginning of the preceding paragraph I wrote "small grounds"; there is enough of the old fogy in me to prevent my saying "no grounds." Were there ever such singers as in the years of my formative operagoing (the 1930's)? Reason tells me "Yes," but my old-fogyish illusions tell me "No"; and I shall undoubtedly indulge personal idiosyncrasies and return to the recordings of Pinza and Flagstad and Martinelli and Rethberg more often than to any others. But this is an album eminently suited to listeners with idiosyncrasies. RCA Victor deserves a vote of thanks for making it available to us.

CHANNELS:
The Right to Be Entertained

MARYA MANNES

THERE WAS ONCE a king called Addlehead I. According to legend he called his jester to him one day and said: "See to it that I am entertained from morning to night every day of the week, including Sunday. I wish perpetually available for my pleasure singers, dancers, funny men, mimes, acrobats, and accomplished children and dogs. It does not matter what they perform so long as I am diverted."

So the jester complied with his monarch's wish. King Addlehead, diverted all day and night, including Sundays, ceased to govern and his people fell into misery and named him Addlehead the Imbecile.

Every Man a King

History, however, can reverse itself. Many years later there was a great and powerful country where each citizen was a king like Addlehead, able to be diverted all day and all night, including Sundays. Only they were not called imbeciles; they were merely television viewers.

There is, dear readers, no legend in the fact that for the first time in any era in any country on earth a whole people has found it not only desirable but natural to be constantly entertained. And it is strange indeed that since the causes of this condition came into being, no one has questioned whether it *is* natural or desirable. Only the nature of the entertainment, whether good or bad, has been examined. Not one voice has asked, "Why should we be constantly entertained?"

IT SEEMS TO ME that since the beginning of man there has evolved a natural cycle, an order of life. He sleeps at night; he works during the day; he assumes his place in the human family in the evening. One or two days a week he rests from the days of labor by changing the week's pattern. At intervals—and only at intervals—this rest and change take the form of entertainment, by which he can be diverted from reality.

Self-Imposed Boredom

I doubt whether even among the privileged classes during the days of Pericles, ancient Rome, the Middle Ages, or the Renaissance, entertainment was more than periodic and less than an occasion. And I know that during my own average youth, only four or five times a year did we go to a play, and to a movie never more than once a fortnight. These were excitements long anticipated and long remembered. The thought of having them constantly accessible never entered the mind. If it had it would have been rejected as preposterous or sinful. Nowadays it seems preposterous *not* to avail oneself constantly of diversion, since a flick of a knob can produce it.

I do not propose to draw any somber conclusions from this fact of our civilization except to point out that the whole man or woman does not need or want this constant diversion. That is why, except for professionals concerned either productively or critically with the media, you will find very few people of spiritual or mental substance who turn on television or radio more than a few hours a week. When they do, it is to see reality and not to escape from it. They may look at a play once or twice a week in the evening. But to turn on a crooner, a comic, a band, a panel, a quiz show, or a play during the day is unthinkable, as any self-imposed boredom would be unthinkable. One glimpse of this suffocating surfeit of entertainment (and who in illness has not had it?) is enough to cure any random viewer. Even troubling thoughts are more constructive than the avoidance of them by this means.

A recent TV documentary made by NBC on the effects of television in

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Fort Wayne, Indiana, the latest large city to get it, confirmed among other things the fact that the great majority of boys and girls there (as elsewhere) do their homework while viewing. On the women's page of the New York *Post* Myrtle Eldred writes, "Our minds are intended to be used, not lulled into passiveness by a constant diet of entertainment, whatever its type." Later she quotes a letter from a woman who says: "I have a wonderful daughter-in-law . . . But one thing she does upsets me greatly. She turns on the TV in the morning and it goes all day, even though she hasn't time to look and listen to it. What is worse, her small baby's play pen sits within four feet of it and he is looking at moving objects every waking moment."

The Happiest People

But it is of cosmic indifference to the producers of television whether children's homework suffers from a TV accompaniment (as any teacher will tell you), or whether the baby in the pen hasn't a quiet moment to itself, or whether on a beautiful Saturday or Sunday morning it wouldn't be far better for any child —anywhere—to be out in the sun playing instead of indoors listening to any TV program, good or bad. It is equally indifferent to them, with all their worthy aspirations toward improvement, that they may be upsetting an order of living for adults as well as children to the real detriment of human welfare. They will give us, no doubt, better and better Spectaculars. More and more they may lace information adroitly into their entertainment. But never will they ask themselves whether it is right that people should be entertained four-fifths of the day and night and informed one-fifth, or whether the complete reverse might not be the only justifiable pattern to follow.

They never will ask themselves this so long as the programs depend on selling goods. For you can't sell if you don't entertain; and a hundred million Addleheads are a hundred million consumers.

We ourselves might ask: Why do we need to be diverted? And from what? Are we not the happiest people in the world?

'The Mind of America' —To the Fourth Decimal Place

LINDSAY ROGERS

COMMUNISM, CONFORMITY, AND CIVIL LIBERTIES: A CROSS-SECTION OF THE NATION SPEAKS ITS MIND, by Samuel A. Stouffer. *Doubleday. $4.*

If it is true that less than one per cent of the American people and only five per cent of their "community leaders" have "worried" about either the Communist menace in the United States or civil liberties being under fire, then small substances have cast large shadows. The figures cited on the smallness of the substances are for the spring of 1954, when a Senate subcommittee was having itself televised while it heard the case of the Army vs. Senator Joseph R. McCarthy—a spectacle which, one commentator remarked, made one think of monkeys searching themselves for insect life while the spectators kept score. But apparently the spectators lacked perception. Nearly a third of the American people were unable to come up with the correct name of any Representative or Senator who had taken the leading part in a Congressional investigation.

To many, however, shadows seemed so dark that they thought substances must be menacing. Among those affrighted were the board of directors of the Fund for the Republic, who put up $125,000 for a "study" "conceived" by Elmo Roper, chairman of a committee of the Fund's directors. The study was entrusted to two polling organizations, to whose findings on the smallness of the substance and on many other matters Mr. Samuel A. Stouffer of Harvard adds the interpretative prose. He believes that the results of the study "open a window into the mind of America."

ON INSPECTION the results of the study appear to be no more than tabulations and cross tabulations of the answers that a large sample—five thousand—of the adult population gave to some five hundred interviewers. In addition, the window display includes the returns from a sample of fifteen hundred "community leaders" in fourteen categories—mayors, Chamber of Commerce and labor-union presidents, newspaper publishers, D.A.R. regents, and so on.

To both groups the interviewers put eighty-five questions, many of which were broken into several parts, and respondents took from half an hour to more than three hours to answer. Mr. Stouffer analyzes the reasons why some in the original samples—he calls them the "fish which were not caught"—had to be eliminated: They were not at home, were ill, refused to be guinea fish, broke off the interview, or could not speak English. How much understanding respondents had when their English was more or less faulty is not discussed. Nor does Mr. Stouffer seem concerned by the possible indifference or hostility of the fish that were kept on hooks against their will: Interviewers were specifically instructed "to make at last five attempts before giving up."

Still Beat Your Wife?

When the interviewers were victorious they put questions that sought to discover who in the sample were likely to have an "authoritarian" or a "conformist" attitude. People who agreed with the statement "A child should never be allowed to talk back to his parents, or else he will lose respect for them" were labeled "authoritarian." Those in the sample who thought that "If a child is unusual in any way his parents should get him to be more like other children" were labeled "conformist."

Another series of questions was designed to get answers that would permit the scaling of the respondents so that they could be grouped as "more tolerant" or "less tolerant." Sample questions: Should an admitted Communist be fired from a clerkship in a store? from a job in a defense plant? as a radio sing-

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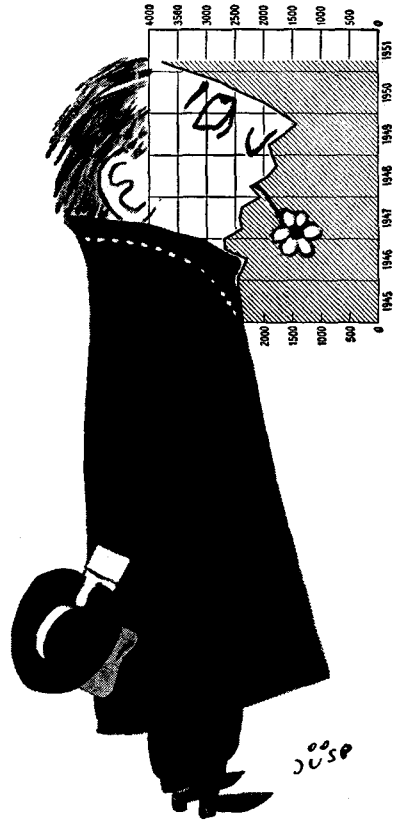
er? Should he be permitted to make a speech? Should his books be taken out of libraries? Should there be a boycott of the soap the radio singer advertises? Should an admitted Communist be put in jail?

The combinations and gradations are ingenious, and the scaling, a commonplace to the statistician, the layman is willing to accept as plausible. But there is a sixty-four-dollar question that he finds unanswered: How passionate or indifferent were the respondents when they gave the answers that were used to calculate "tolerance" or "intolerance"? Studies like Mr. Stouffer's throw no light here.

On the basis of the answers to questions and the scalings, the reader is given many tabulations and cross tabulations. On the whole, the "community leaders" appear to be "more tolerant" than the general sampling of the American people. Larger percentages of the leaders, that is to say, would not bar books by Communists from local libraries, or cut a friend who, it turned out, had been made to admit membership in a Communist organization in his youth. The greater tolerance of these community leaders extended, *mirabile dictu*, to the D.A.R. regents.

In Mr. Stouffer's scale, war veterans appear to be more tolerant than persons without military experience; Second World War veterans are more tolerant than First World War veterans. Men are more tolerant than women. Metropolitan living is more hospitable to a live-and-let-live attitude than life on the farm, and, generally speaking, the more education a man has, the larger his understanding is likely to be. Republicans appear to be more tolerant than Democats, yet they take a more favorable view of the Congressional committees "investigating Communism." To distinguish among the various committees would presumably have been beyond the capacity of the respondents.

But though nearly a third of the people queried could not name Senator McCarthy as head of a committee investigating Communism, the replies the interviewers got after they "probed" showed that many were anxious to be stern with Communists. Fifty-one per cent of the national cross section thought that an admitted Communist should be put in jail. Seventy-three per cent believed it a good idea to report any suspected Communist to the FBI. Thirty-six per cent would stop buying a particular soap if it were advertised on a radio program that employed a singer who was a Communist. Sixteen per cent of the national cross-section answered "Yes" to this question: "If an American opposed churches and religion, would this *alone* make you think he was a Communist?" Seventeen per cent thought that advocacy of government



ownership of the railroads and major industries would make the advocate a Communist.

As will appear in a moment, Mr. Stouffer himself has some doubts about these "findings," but there is one important matter that he and other pollsters must ignore when they purport to have peered into the public mind. If they took it into account, they would know that what they were peering into was not "the public mind."

A man may tell an interviewer the name of the candidate for whom he intends to vote. But does he disclose his "opinions" when he gives answers to the questions that strange interviewers ask him? Each of us holds views that remain private: views that we disclose to a wife or close friends but that we may becloud a trifle when talking with a stranger. The beclouding increases when the questions concern the danger that Communists may succeed in scuttling the ark of the Republic, because many respondents are then tempted to pose as being more stern and righteous than they really are. And who can maintain that if respondents were not "kept on hooks" but were allowed time for reflection and talk with knowledgeable friends—this is the way "public opinion" is formed—the resulting answers would be the same as those given to importunate interviewers?

Considerations such as these do not deter Mr. Stouffer. He boldly announces that his inquiry "was concerned not with transient opinions but with deeper latent attitudes or dispositions." This smacks of a Madison Avenue copy writer rather than a Harvard social scientist. Before Great Britain adopted conscription in 1939, only thirty-nine per cent of the voters were for it; a week after the conscription bill became law, a poll showed that fifty-eight per cent approved. Many polls in the United States have shown a similar inflation of support for a policy as soon as it is translated to the statute book or into a Presidential order. If President Eisenhower announced that he was continuing to use a shaving cream produced by a company sponsoring a radio singer who was a Communist, the boycotting thirty-six per cent noted above would surely take a sharp drop.

So much for "the deeper latent attitudes" Mr. Stouffer says he has measured.

Cybernetics, Anyone?

In one respect, I think, this poll has a claim to uniqueness. Mr. Stouffer goes out of his way to admit that some questions were not particularly good and that subsamples are too small for percentages to be significant. "Figures on what people say they talked about must not be taken too seriously." To give a respondent

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a check list of current issues (as the interviewers did) and to ask which ones he had recently discussed with his friends "is least defensible of all" as a method of inquiry. "Poorly educated people have difficulty with such a check list," and a "glib respondent" may say "Yes" to all or most of the items suggested. Unhappily—or perhaps happily for those responsible for this study—there are no tabulations for respondents who are "glib" and for respondents who are "unglib."

An appendix on "sampling error" tells us that we must not think of a "reported percentage as being very accurate. An equally dependable survey made by similar methods at about the same time might well report percentages that are sometimes the same and sometimes as much as five, ten, or more points different from those that are reported here." For the fifteen hundred "community leaders" there may be a variance of four to six percentage points; for a single type of "community leader" represented in the sample by only fifty, the percentage point allowance is from twenty to thirty.

Interviewers accurately record the answers that they get from the respondents in a sample. Cards containing the resulting data are fed into machines and any number of cross tabulations come out. We know what the machines say the percentages are. How much do we understand of what they mean? How greatly is confidence in the percentages lessened when we learn that a different and just as "scientific" survey could produce results differing by "as much as five, ten, or more points"? Is this the "science" of public-opinion "measurement"?

Cardinal Newman once wrote of "the all corroding, all dissolving skepticism of the intellect in religious enquiries." The pollsters have a religious faith in their work and may wish to apply even more severe adjectives to "skepticism of the intellect." But many of us who are not skeptics when the pollsters stick to simple matters like preferences for beer in cans rather than in bottles or the colors of automobiles will continue to be skeptical about percentages on "the mind of America" and "deeper latent attitudes."

The Economic Growth Of the United States

HERBERT E. KLARMAN

America's Needs and Resources, by J. Frederic Dewhurst and Associates. *The Twentieth Century Fund. $10.*

Quite properly this volume is subtitled "A New Survey," for it is far more than a second edition. The sheer magnitude of the volume is overwhelming: 1,148 pages, 352 tables in the text, and 105 graphs and charts.

The twenty-six chapters, being the product of many independent authors, are uneven in their grasp of the material and in the quality of presentation. There is a unity to the work, however, in terms of the basic assumptions developed by Dewhurst, the principal author, in the first of four chapters, and explored by A. A. Berle, Jr., in a masterful preface.

The book is organized along the lines of the national-income approach that has become increasingly fashionable among economists since Keynes. First the determinants of gross national product (the value of total output at market prices) are given. These number four: the size of the labor force; the number of persons employed; the average length of the work week; and the level of productivity, as measured in constant dollars.

Dewhurst, who is executive director of the Twentieth Century Fund, tries to estimate the size of each of these factors in the year 1960. This he does with much caution, induced by the aftereffects of the wayward forecasts made by himself and other economists in the 1940's. It is some-

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what sobering, as Dewhurst points out, that the assumptions he made in 1943 for his original volume regarding the duration of the war in Europe and Asia proved to be acute political judgments, while his assumptions regarding population growth between 1940 and 1950 missed the mark by six million. Right or wrong, an economic projection is only a guess, hopefully intelligent.

Labor Force of 1960

On the basis of past trends, Dewhurst projects a labor force of 72.5 million for 1960, or approximately forty-two per cent of the population. He projects unemployment amounting on the average to nearly five per cent of the labor force. This is not a statement of an ideal, but merely sets up the optimum accomplishments of the past as a reasonable par for the future. He adds that a practical minimum of five per cent of the labor force does not imply a hard core of unemployed workers who never find jobs, but rather a shifting group, most of whom are only out of work for short spells between jobs. He further projects an average work week of 37.5 hours in 1960. Finally, he assumes a productivity increase of about twenty-five per cent for the decade 1950-1960, or 2.3 per cent a year. Productivity increased forty-seven per cent between 1940 and 1950, but year-to-year changes during the decade varied so widely that Dewhurst prefers to rely on trends going back to 1850.

The National Product

The combination of all these factors yields for 1960 a gross national product of $413.5 billion in 1954 prices. This "conjectural estimate" compares with a gross national product of $357.1 billion in 1954 and $320.4 billion in 1950, likewise expressed in 1954 dollars. (This qualifying clause protects the economist's projection against the vagaries of price fluctuations.)

In turn, gross national product is divided into its three major components: consumer expenditures, $270.0 billion; government expenditures, $81.0 billion; and private gross capital formation or investment, $62.5 billion. These projections are estimates of what the American economy is most likely to

achieve. There are also higher and lower projections, which are believed to be less likely, but not so unlikely as to be unmentioned.

It is a unique characteristic of the volume that it attempts to compare these quantities of demand with need. The author recognizes the ambiguity of the concept of need when attached to such objects of consumption as alcohol or tobacco. He therefore makes no estimates of need for these categories. Even for such items as food, clothing, and housing, the need for "a minimum level of health and decency" is largely a social and psychological phenomenon, rather than a physical one. The determination of need is ultimately the expression of someone's judgment.

The authors calculate that in 1960 it would take $10.4 billion to bring those American consumers who are below the minimum standard of health and decency up to it without disturbing the consumption habits of those above it. One-half this amount, or $5.2 billion, is accounted for by medical care. The latter figure is offered after a much larger estimate of discrepancy between estimated need and probable demand, almost $20 billion, is abandoned as implausible. The smaller estimate is made on the assumption that medical care will be provided through widespread use of medical-group practice units, which are said to be more efficient and growing in importance.

For Scholar and Skimmer

Whatever the merits of the aggregate or individual projections, the book contains a great many facts about the past that are informative and useful.

Thus the report documents with authority the increasing role of government in the economy. There is the interesting finding that as the economy's productive capacity has increased during the past forty years, the American consumer has chosen neither more goods and services alone nor more leisure alone, but has taken a package including both—about sixty per cent of the former and forty per cent of the latter. Another important point is made, namely that most of the advances in family real income during the past twenty years came during the Second World War. Since then, the increase in income has just about kept pace with the increase in population and households.

There is something here for every reader, the scholar as well as the skimmer. The average reader will enjoy some lively writing and lucid explanations. For example, the ever-interesting marriage-divorce rate suggests that "Evidently more people are marrying in haste and repenting at leisure, and more are marrying more than once than was true even a few years ago." And the frequently misunderstood facts of the increase in life expectancy are clarified. It is not that older people today live longer than in 1900, but that many more people reach old age, having escaped death in infancy.

For the specialist there are tables and footnotes and appendices galore, over which he will long ponder.

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Book Notes

ESSAYS ON FREEDOM AND POWER, by Lord Acton. *Meridian Books: Noonday Press. $1.25.*

This book will render immense service to those countless writers who know that to quote Lord Acton brings an air of distinction to their work but have only one quote of his at hand: "Power tends to corrupt and absolute power corrupts absolutely." Replacements are here made available. No labor is required: It is not necessary to cull aphorisms from Acton's essay on the ethics of nationalism, or that on freedom in antiquity, or that on the political causes of the American Revolution. He himself furnished a neat collection of quotable remarks in a sort of postscript to a letter in which he demolished a now forgotten gentleman's claims to be a historian. Excerpts:

"A Historian has to fight against temptations special to his mode of life, temptations from Country, Class, Church, College, Party, authority of talents, solicitations of friends. The most respectable of these influences are the most dangerous."

"Judge not according to the orthodox standard of a system, religious, philosophical, political, but according as things promote or fail to promote the delicacy, integrity and authority of Conscience."

"History provides neither compensation for suffering nor penalties for wrong."

"The accomplice is no better than the assassin; the theorist is worse."

THE TRAP, by Dan Jacobson. *Harcourt, Brace. $2.95.*

"As he sat there, the scheme came quickly and simply to Maclachlan; he wondered why he had not thought of it before. It was so simple. It could not go wrong." Maclachlan is a dirty, rotten thief and he is planning to frame a man. When you read about a scheme that cannot go wrong, it is ten to one that it will go wrong. It is like a detective story about a perfect crime: The crime will be detected. But in this cruel yet immensely compassionate short novel Maclachlan's scheme works. And so does a second framing—that of an African by an African. Why? Because this is a story about South Africa, where there can be no measuring a man's word against another's. The white man's word is the law; the African's word is good to the precise degree of his usefulness and subservience to the white. The hierarchy of injustice is all-inclusive. There is also a white man of good will in this book. The trap closes upon him and destroys him.

EL GRECO, by Antonina Vallentin. Translated from the French by Andrew Révai and Robin Chancellor. Illustrated. *Doubleday. $7.50.*

It is somehow a little disturbing to contemplate this biographer's familiarity with so many, and so greatly differing, great men: Heine, Stresemann, da Vinci, Mirabeau, Goya, Wells, Einstein—and now El Greco. The lady has attracted a startling collection of lions to her receptions. They have come at her pressing invitation, and they stand about like the figures in the Elysian fields of eighteenth-century paintings in which Virgil or somebody, assisting at the apotheosis of Voltaire, crowns him with laurel. The hostess is there with questionnaire and pencil.

But are great men, and particularly great men who are dead, and especially great dead artists who during their lifetime were notably enigmatic, so easily approachable? Do they talk? Can Leonardo be induced to tell just what Mona Lisa was smiling about? Did Goya really prattle about his loves? Did El Greco ever say that he "was deeply aware both of what he had acquired from outside sources and of his own personal contribution"? That does not sound like an artist talking; it sounds like Mme. Vallentin talking very much like an art critic.

Mme. Vallentin's *El Greco,* however, is a clear historical narrative and presents an abundance of characters. Philip II once again broods in the Escorial. There is also much that is interesting in the author's catalogue of El Greco's paintings: for whom, why, when, where, and how they were painted.

Paintings are not meant to be explained. One has to look at them. The merit of this book is that it is a clear inducement to do so.

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THE FRENCH BROAD, by Wilma Dykeman. *Rinehart. $5.*

The French Broad flows from North Carolina into Tennessee, passing between the Blue Ridge and Great Smoky Mountains. The Cherokees called it the Long Man and its tributaries the Chattering Children. When the white men came upon it, they named it the French Broad because it led toward the unknown lands that belonged to the French. Soon they were shooting Indians: "Not only was the usual devastation of war carried out in the killings, the burning of towns, the leveling of fruitful fields, but every Indian warrior was scalped, if time allowed, women were put to death as ruthlessly as warriors, and such prisoners as were taken were sold at immediate auction into slavery." The Indians were got rid of. By 1831 a traveler to the region would come upon "an English country house set in a landscaped park . . . There was a tumbledown stile like the one at Stratford-on-Avon. There was a deer park. There were fox hunts, complete with pink hunting coats and thoroughbred hunters and—the one factor not alien to the hills—hounds." This was the Baring Estate. Neighbors were the Count de Choiseul, French consul at Savannah, and Edmund Molyneaux, the British consul there. Other neighbors were the poor. The international smart set is gone; the Civil War came to the region and is gone; the poor, by and large, are still there in the mountains. A hardy race that provides a great measure of folk tale and anecdote to Miss Dykeman's fine contribution to the remarkable "Rivers of America" series.

WINTER NOTES ON SUMMER IMPRESSIONS, by Feodor M. Dostoevsky. With a Foreword by Saul Bellow. *Criterion. $2.75.*

Four years before writing *Crime and Punishment,* Dostoevsky realized a great ambition that constitutes one more of the similarities between Russians and ourselves: He traveled to Europe. He went abroad in a spirit of immense reverence. Having discovered gin, prostitution, and misery in London, red tape and the bourgeois in Paris, he returned to write an indignant report. With the writer's sure instinct to deal with what he knows, Dostoevsky's *Winter Notes* on Europe have a great deal to say on Russia. There he is on sure ground, and so he is on socialism: Any plan for the brotherhood of man that has to be calculated by science and enforced by regimentation is doomed from the start. On socialism and Russia he writes movingly. There is only one trouble with his diatribes against the French and British. It is that the French and British have been far more eloquent —Flaubert and Dickens, Cruikshank and Daumier — in self-denunciation than a foreigner can be in denouncing their peoples. Saul Bellow's foreword explains that he read *Winter Notes* at a time when he was feeling annoyed with the French. It gave him a kick.

AMERICA AT MID-CENTURY, by André Siegfried. Translated by Margaret Ledésert. *Harcourt, Brace. $5.75.*

There comes a time when a nation, even passionately preoccupied with defining its "way of life," may be satiated with both praise and censure from abroad. From Tocqueville and Mrs. Trollope to André Siegfried, we have marched a long way, climbing over mountains of books—some of them brilliant, some absurd, many estimable but dull. André Siegfried is one of this country's good friends. Nearly thirty years ago he wrote *America Comes of Age.* He has not lost interest in us, and surely his books have been of much help to his compatriots' understanding of America. The sad thing is that when we read them over here we have nothing very much more than a tendency to mark them as if they were school papers—this truth here, this error there. Mr. Siegfried would get high marks, but it seems sort of useless to give them.

FAILURE OF A REVOLUTION: GERMANY IN 1918-1919, by Rudolf Coper. *Cambridge University Press. $5.*

Scheidemann, Liebknecht, Prince Max of Baden, Rosa Luxemburg, Ebert—there must be a generation now, in America surely, even in France, even in Great Britain, for whom these names mean nothing. Perhaps this day-by-day account of how defeat in 1918 brought Germans a spirit of revolution and how that spirit, based on contradiction and uncertainty, perished so soon, will be read by the young, if they read it at all, as an unusually alert textbook. For all those who still remember the hopes they had when that First War ended, Mr. Coper's dramatic analysis will be read with intense interest and sinking heart.

TWENTY-ONE STAYED: THE STORY OF THE AMERICAN GI's WHO CHOSE COMMUNIST CHINA—WHO THEY WERE AND WHY THEY STAYED, by Virginia Pasley. *Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. $3.50.*

Here are case histories without nonsense, sentimentality, without overwriting—but not without deep, simple, and direct understanding of what suffering can do to a man's mind. These men, all of them, were unhappy at home; they traveled to unhappiness in Korea; they are now in a loneliness — with illusions or without—that none of us here can measure. This is a book without a word of propaganda in it. One can praise it without any reservations.

"Though this country has had its Benedict Arnolds," writes Miss Pasley, "never before has a group of American prisoners of war chosen to remain with their captors." This is a little naïve.

From the Red Indians to the Nazis, never before has a captor sought to force American prisoners to accept its creed and remain. A German Field Marshal gave in to novel pressure. Is it so surprising that a few lost GIs did so too?

CHURCHILL: HIS LIFE IN PHOTOGRAPHS. Edited by Randolph S. Churchill and Helmut Gernsheim. *Rinehart. $5.*

Particularly entertaining for the early years, in which not only Churchill but the figures and costumes of the time revive a futile and highly reasonable nostalgia for the irrecoverable period that brought Europe to the two great wars.

THE PRIVATE DIARY OF A PUBLIC SERVANT, by Martin Merson. *Macmillan. $3.*

"My Education in Government," a summary of Mr. Merson's unhappy experience in the International Information Administration, appeared in *The Reporter,* October 7, 1954.

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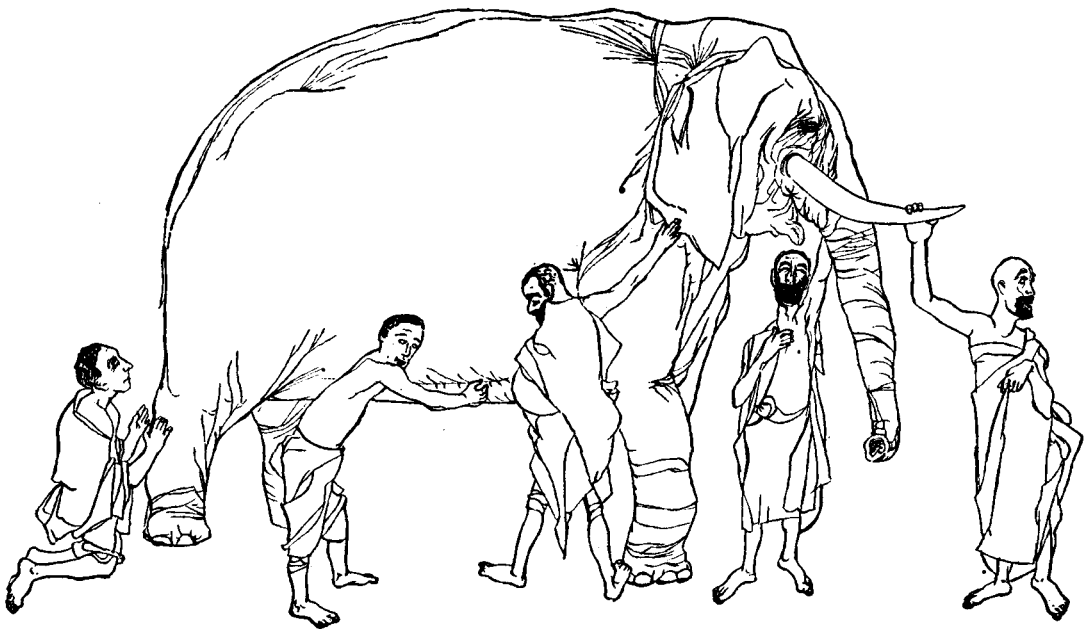

To get the whole truth you have to get the whole picture

THE BLIND MAN who touched the elephant's head said "An elephant is like a water pot." The one who felt his ears said "like a basket." Another fingered the tusks and said "An elephant is like a plow." Feeling the legs, a fourth said "like a post." And the blind man who touched the elephant's belly asserted "An elephant is like a granary."

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